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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Our pattern for
1967's top fashion
See page 7



16-PAGE LIFT-OUT

**20 Swinging styles
TO KNIT AND
CROCHET**

Patterns for
fashions
that span
the seasons

**Color pictures:
FIRE HAVOC
IN HOBART**

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FEBRUARY 22, 1967

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OUR COVER

• The pants suit in black velvet based on the Englishman's dinner jacket, introduced by Yves St. Laurent in his Left Bank Paris boutique. See story and pattern offer, page 7. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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SKIRTS STAY SHORT

There were variations of the prevailing loose look and, as usual, gimmicks galore in the Paris spring couture showings. But in the main a tent shape, rather A-line in feeling, is still in, and very short skirts seem to be with us for some time to come.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

IN Paris they did their best to kill the shift this spring. But except at Balmain, where a curvy cinched-waist look was a surprise change, the loose look was a general choice.

With the short skirts, there was still emphasis on stockings. There were plenty of sheer nylons, but Dior, Cardin, and Lanvin had stockings and shoes to match the clothes.

Castillo showed homespun, fancy-knit stockings and fine-knit tights either in colors, schoolroom black, or thick white.

Most designers had loose belts, slotted through the hipline. Balmain, however, came out with a tight belt.

The waistline of stiff satin ballgowns was circled snugly. Even his schoolgirl look had a neat and emphatic waist.

Above the knee

This schoolgirl look was summed up in a navy-and-white striped shirtwaister with white collars and cuffs, a belted waist, navy sailor hat, and above-the-knee hemline.

The shirtwaister was second preference only to the spreading tent line.

Castillo gave his shirt-

waists new life by borrowing from the boys the colored shirt with the white collars and cuffs.

Molyneux, who, incidentally, had the Duchess of Windsor as guest-of-honor at his showing, had a shirtwaister that was schoolmistress in sharpness. Like Balmain's, it was striped, with a buttoned-down white collar and cuffs.

Pants were exciting, and could win over those who have sworn they'd never wear them.

The pants idea was best done at Patou and Jacques

More wearable than the bloomers were the long jackets and divided skirts seen at Dior and Nina Ricci.

Ricci's white organdie pants and organdie cover-ups over lace bikinis were the forerunners of miles of organdie for the beach — even in sun helmets and huge cowboy-type scarves.

There was a new-again look on the footwear front.

in colors of khaki and sandy beige, and worn with monogrammed silk shirts.

At Dior, the skirts, when not divided, had a decidedly new kick of pleats at one side.

Worn with these bush suits were wide-brimmed cowboy felt hats, often complete to chinstrap.

Last season, two big exhibitions of African art had

touches were feather cape also totems plastered down one side of long dark dress.

St. Laurent achieved an African look with piled-high necklaces and bangles clasped on the arms.

The color scene has changed. Orange this time is the top color.

There was white everywhere, a lot of beige, an fabulous color combination at Ungaro of vivid orange yellow, and green again white.

Black was never seen except with white.

Hints of things to come: Pants suits in varied shapes; platform-soled shoes; shirt-dresses with fuller skirts.

Heim, who teamed them with blazers — the same sort you get in the school-uniforms department.

Lanvin had crisp organdie bloomers below pyramid coats. The evening version of this sort of ensemble was rompers or knickerbockers under the floaty coat.

One Lanvin shirtwaister for day wear was in white organdie with bloomers peeping below the hem like a stiffened petticoat. This was worn with black schoolgirl stockings and flannels.

Designer Roger Vivier, who did the shoes for nine Paris collections, made for St. Laurent platform soles with slings backs.

For Ungaro, Roger Vivier designed boots with metal strips at the top and put African masks on sandals.

In suits, both Dior and Nina Ricci came out with safari-type jackets worn with skirts, divided skirts, and pants of all types.

These bush jackets were belted and pocketed, often

fascinated Paris. This clearly had influenced designers in their details for this spring. In fact, Marc Bohan, at Dior, confessed he had looked no further.

He put gilt chain belts on his safari suits, and from the belts dangled ju-jus — shark's teeth, monkey paws, conch shells. As well, there were hoop earrings.

Dior also used zebra-striped chiffon for flowing, one-shoulder-bare chieftain's cloaks. More of his tribal

HAIRSTYLES. Castil mannequins wore two lot horsetails of hair pinned above the ears (this with shimmering transparent sequin dresses). Dior had topknot rose in a spiral hair. At Lanvin, hair fell a waterfall. At Ferm there were tousled curls a Shirley Temple.

MAKE-UP. At least different houses used matte-of-pearl effects, including iridescent powder for eyelids.

PREVIEW OF CARDIN'S CLOTHES FOR AUSTRALIA

New versions of space-age clothes; very short tents with rouleau hems

PIERRE CARDIN, who takes his collection to Australia at the end of this month, was in tune with other Paris designers on the tent line, but a law unto himself with new versions of his cosmonaut clothes.

This season he has wide, tough-looking leather cummerbunds swathing the midriff of loose gabardine chemise dresses, the hems held out with rouleaus, and rouleau binding on the neck.

The men are also cummerbunds beneath tight long jackets bristling with industrial zippers on fronts, cuffs, pockets, even the trouser pockets.

More variations of space-age clothes are skinny-rib sweaters in silk-gold, silver, or jet — under wool minnie-pinnies that swing around the hips and are suspended from cutaway tops.

These cutaway tops are further aerated with portholes in a row down the

front or diamond-shape peep-holes.

When Cardin protested three years back that one collection a year was enough, that fashion shouldn't change every six months, the idea was revolutionary. This season he proved his point by cleverly using most of the brilliant detail of earlier collections, adding newer and brighter ideas.

His tents were prettier and infinitely more wearable than the other designers'. He has always been a master of the bias cut and has always loved sunray pleats.

There were very short, very full tent coats and dresses that swung out to a thick rouleau hem.

This rouleau, which was often replaced by a stiff bias band of leather, wasn't just decorative. It gave the tents stiffness to stand them out in wide, generous folds.

These tents were mostly in enormous wool plaids, but there were lots of plain ones

in sharp yellow and his favorite orange.

One pocket is enough to trim a Cardin dress, and he gave pockets new shapes while continuing the theme of the rouleau, round and heavy, puffing out the edges.

These rouleaus cropped up on pockets that were like letter-boxes, doughnuts, portholes, and diagonals. They also puffed the rims of collars, cuffs, hems, the tops of ankle boots, and hats.

When Cardin sunray-pleats chiffon there is nothing more devastatingly beautiful.

His sunburst-pleated marigold wool dress with arum-lily collar framing the face and jutting up at the back was typical of this pretty new look for day.

Cardin's other daytime dress is bloused — a shirtwaister with a wide buckled belt on the hips. It looks good in white or narrow-striped wool, and better still with the glamor of glitter.

Although Cardin cumbers his space-age clothes, he isn't serious otherwise about cinching the waist.

There are plenty of belts on

his suits and dresses, but they are slung wide around the hips.

It is in the evening that Cardin clothes really shine and give the spectacle. His butterly chiffons with huge bows trailing to the ground, the shock sequin dresses, the see-through dresses were all there again, but more beautiful than ever.

When he takes his collection for showing in Australia you will see how right he is to repeat these styles.

"Le Smoking" (see story this issue) has caught the fancy of Parisiennes, but Cardin stands alone in the Haute Couture in refusing to design pants for women. He has no bermudas, knickers, bloomers, slacks, bell-bottoms, or harem skirts; no little-boy shorts, divided skirts, or culottes.

But with "Le Smoking" he has gone one better. His version is a floor-length black wool dress like a man's dinner jacket, with rolled collar.

The Cardin model girl



PIERRE CARDIN, who will arrive in Australia with some of his staff and models on February 26. The world famous designer will give gala showings of his spring collection in Sydney, Melbourne and Canberra.

wears her hair either short as a boy's squared with outside berets worn against a prettied up with ribbons in the evening.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

A LOVE-MATCH FOR ROCKY

By ZANDER HOLLANDER

AUSTRALIAN fly-weight champion Rocky Gattellari met his match — oh, but it was a love-match — in his native Italy while on holiday last year. Now, at a hilltop church at Pontecorvo, between Rome and Naples, he has married his girl, Emilia Nicosia, 19-year-old daughter of a tobacco factory executive.

This is how he met his "Millie":

Gattellari, 24, and a friend, Gabriele Caccia, 31, a former Sydney Soccer player, were at Pontecorvo, Gabriele's hometown; and Gattellari was on his way to Rome to catch a plane back to Australia on June 4 when he met Millie on a street.

"I knew right away that was the girl for me," Gattellari said. "I made Gabriele stop the car and we stayed until Millie promised to marry me."

Like its storybook beginning, the romance had a storybook ending. They were wed in the chapel of Maria Santissima Delle Grazie, situated high above Pontecorvo, a town of about 15,000 people.

The church is a marble and red brick jewel box.

The ceremony was a traditional Catholic wedding Mass celebrated by Father Leonardo Fiore, a fat, jolly master of dramatic gestures. The organist, Father Buona-

ventura, played Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Gattellari is the son of Giuseppe (Joe) Gattellari, of Sydney. His father, mother, and six brothers could not go to Italy for the wedding, nor could the few Gattellari relatives who still live in the poor southern Calabrian town of Oppido Mamertina. (But Gattellari visited his birthplace.)

Gattellari and his bride, who has just completed her training to be an elementary schoolteacher, intend to go back to Australia after their honeymoon on the Riviera.

"Australia is fabulous," said Gattellari. "I love Italy as you love your mother, but I feel I'm an Australian."

After the ceremony the wedding party went in a long horn-tooting motorcade to the seaside resort of Sperlonga, where Millie's father, Oscar Nicosia, was host at a reception.

"I'm the happiest man alive," Gattellari said. "I have married the best girl in the world."

Millie has never been anywhere. She went to Rome twice in her life, and once was to buy her wedding gown. But that's how you find the real good girls, the girls who aren't spoiled, the girls who will stand by their men."

Millie does not like prize-fighting. "I saw it once on television and it was just too brutal," she said. But she said she was determined to forget her dislike and watch her husband in the ring.



BRIDE AND BRIDE-GROOM (above) drink a toast after the wedding. Rocky said that marriage to Millie will help his career: "Because I have something to fight for."

DOWN THE AISLE walk Rocky and Millie. Italian actor Walter Chiari, a friend of Rocky's, was to attend the wedding, but at the last minute had to do a television show.

WITH FRIENDS at the church. The best man, Italian boxing promoter Gigi Proietti, expects Rocky to become world flyweight champion. "If he fights Thailand's Chanoy, the present champion, anywhere but in Thailand, Rocky will win easily. Nobody ever beats a Thai in Thailand," Proietti stated.



NEXT WEEK

★ Originality and finish can be given to home dressmaking with decorative additions and alterations in our 16-page lift-out . . .



It has nearly 100 ideas and instructions for attractive detailing, many of which will brighten up an old dress as well as add a personal touch to a basic pattern.

And:

FAMOUS ACTOR'S COOK BOOK

★ From "A Treasury of Great Recipes" by actor Vincent Price and his wife, Mary, some of the famous special dishes of the world's leading restaurants. For superb eating, recipes like Friday Chicken, Coupe Gertrude Lawrence.



★ Although friends condemned the idea as crazy, a Melbourne architect and his wife built a two-level house on a steep riverside block. It's our . . .

HOUSE OF THE WEEK

WOOL FASHION AWARDS

★ Trend-setting designs that won the Wool Fashion Awards for 1967, like the glamor evening gown (left), winner of our Gold Cup. All designs are available in stores throughout Australia.



READERS' STORIES

- What causes failure in so many young marriages?
- Why, asks a wife, was her personality extinguished so that she was no longer "the girl her husband married"?

● The Tasmanian bushfires, one of the worst disasters Australia has known, struck virtually without warning. Homes exploded, farms and factories were wiped out, and many were left only with the clothes they were wearing. The final death-roll, as we go to press, is still unknown.

BUSHFIRE HAVOC IN TASMANIA

By KAY KEAVNEY

ONE shall be taken and the other left." So runs the grim biblical prophecy about the world's last day.

And so it was for the lush south-east corner of Tasmania on Black Tuesday, February 7, 1967.

That was the pattern that came home to photographer Ron Berg and me the next day driving about the disaster area — the sheer malevolent selectivity of the fire.

We saw it in the near suburbs of Hobart itself, in the countryside, in the little devastated townships ten, 20, 30 miles beyond.

"One shall be taken and the other left."

Here were two houses miraculously standing, with nothing left of the house in between them but a heap of shrunken galvanised iron and a chimney piece formerly standing. There, one whole side of the street remained untouched while the other side was razed to the ground.

Black grass

Here in the midst of the nothing that was once a home, on blackened grass stood a brightly painted garden chair, or there a bright letter box.

Here, in what was once a driveway, a car, scorched, windowless, useless, with all its four tyres apparently intact.

Everywhere as we drove we saw cars loaded with goods, driven by sad-eyed people going heaven knew where.

Everywhere we saw families huddled together, picking among the ruins.

High up on Hillborough Rd., once a showplace of

South Hobart, we found the Boeschoten family, whose home was a nothingness in a row of nothingness, looking down on the gutted ruins of the famous Cascade Brewery and Cordial Factory.

Mrs. Boeschoten had been alone in the house when the first flames leapt out of a world of stygian darkness heavy with the deathly reek of smoke.

In a bikini

Her electronics-engineer husband was at work, her young daughter Mary at school, younger son, Henry, and his new young wife, Gabrielle, who shared the home, were at the beach (nothing is left now of this young pair's possessions and wedding presents, and Gabrielle's only clothes are the bikini she was wearing), and then there was the elder son, John.

Mr. Boeschoten told me, "Thank God we're all alive. We'll build our lives up again."

It became hideously familiar to us, this story of husbands separated from wives, parents from children, waiting out the hours till they were brought together.

Too often the end of the story was tragedy.

Some 20 miles out of Hobart, along the beautiful Channel Highway, lies the town charmingly, now ironically, called Snug.

In minutes on Black Tuesday in the afternoon, 80 out of the 120 houses in the little town were gutted along with the school, the Catholic Church, the service-station, and so much more.

Snug nestled in the gentle foothills of Mt. Wellington, washed by the Derwent, just across a river called Snug

Creek from the Australian Carbide Factory, at Electrona, where most of Snug's menfolk worked.

We drove into Snug just on dusk on the Wednesday.

The smoke-haze hung about with its odour of death and destruction. The shattered school presented an eyeless face to the devastated street.

Along Beach Road the pattern held. Every house down one side was burnt out; on the other side, one or two still stood, a brightly painted house cheek by jowl with the blackened ruin, with a third house intact on the ruin's other flank.

I knocked on the door of the brightly painted house. The welcome mat at the door had been charred, the concrete step was burnt, one front window had been shattered, otherwise this house was still a home.

A woman got out of a car and followed me in the gate, asking me for news of her relatives who lived in Snug, if they were all right, if they still lived, where they were.

I explained that I was a stranger and then the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. S. Polley appeared.

They gave the woman good news. The woman went away.

"You were lucky," I said tentatively to the Polleys, indicating the devastation all around. They nodded grimly. They are gentle, kindly folk.

"Wall of fire"

They invited us in, warning us to be careful of all the broken glass.

Mrs. Polley, small and soft-voiced, sat quietly but with twisting hands and told me about the terrible yesterday. Her husband stood, stocky and grey, putting in a

word or two. He worked at the carbide factory at Electrona, now a ruin like almost everything else.

"It came like a wall of fire around two o'clock," said Mrs. Polley.

"It just hit the houses and they exploded as if struck by an electric current.

"It came so fast that people couldn't even get their cars out of their garages. They just ran for their lives, holding wet sheets or wet clothes to protect them."

Both away

Both Polleys had been away from home when the fire struck Snug with its monstrous paw.

Mrs. Polley had gone that morning into Hobart in 104-degree heat to visit and try to comfort a bereaved niece.

Mr. Polley was at work when the word came through that Snug was in danger. He and the rest of the townsmen there at once struck out to try to reach home. They had to wade the river, Snug Creek, which rose to their armpits.

"Those in cars picked up others. One woman, a widow named Mrs. Brittain, was picked up alight," he said.

"I don't know yet what happened to her. We're still cut off from the world, you see. Many were burnt in their homes, mostly the elderly who couldn't move fast enough to get away. We know of an elderly couple and an elderly widower and another woman pensioner, and Mrs. Gibbs, who left four children."

"Seven have died as far as we know now. They're still going about trying to discover their bodies."

"My friends Mr. and Mrs. Coward lived next door, where, as you can see, there's nothing left at all."

Mr. Polley reached home around 2.30 to a scene like an air-raid. The town was still burning. There was no water. The heat had exploded the mains. All the despairing men could do was stand by to help whoever they could.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Polley was trying to get home from Hobart. She'd been listening to the terrifying reports on the radio. The telephone lines were cut. Had she still a home, a husband? Were her married son and his family who lived two doors away safe, alive?

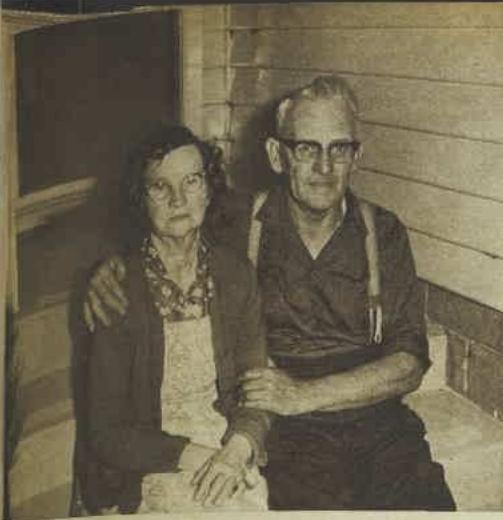
Daily Telegraph and Australian Women's Weekly Relief Fund

● The \$20,000 given immediately by the Daily Telegraph and The Australian Women's Weekly for the relief of Tasmanian fire victims has been growing swiftly as contributions flow in.

The appeal is being conducted by the Daily Telegraph and The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the Lord Mayor of Sydney Fund.

Australian Consolidated Press bankers, the E.S. and A., arranged to open an account at its Hobart branch on which the Premier, Mr. Reece, could operate immediately.

Donations may be left at the mail box at the Castlereagh St. entrance to the "Daily Telegraph," 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, or posted addressed to the Telegraph-Women's Weekly Relief Fund, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. They will be acknowledged in the Daily Telegraph.



MR. AND MRS. S. POLLEY at the doorway of their house in Beach Street, Snug. Their house escaped. Only the welcome mat caught fire, and one window was broken. They were "lucky."



LEFT: Mr and Mrs. C. Dance picking out clothes for their children. They have 12, eight of whom are still at home.



THE SEARCH: Mr. John Boeschoten and his sons John and Henry look through the debris of their house. At right is Mrs. Myers, a family friend who has given the Boeschotens shelter.

Reports of conditions along the road were so bad that all the intending passengers at the bus-stop decided not to risk it — all except Mrs. Polley, who was determined to risk death in order to get home.

The bus-driver, one of hundreds of authentic heroes on the day, offered to try to get the solitary passenger through.

So began the nightmare journey along a road heavy with lurid smoke, cut by roaring flames, which lasted for many hours.

Exploded

It was nearly seven o'clock when Mrs. Polley reached Snug and a frantic husband, just as the school exploded into a shell.

"Nobody went to bed last night," said Mrs. Polley. "The risk was still too high. There was no cool change until morning."

Besides, we spent the night helping and billeting neighbors. So did my son, whose house, too, by some miracle was hardly touched.

"We stood out in the road directing people who came all night in search of loved ones. People were milling about in the roads wringing their hands, and you could hear children screaming and crying."

There were dozens of fire-fighters in the roads, all of them in a state of exhaustion but somehow keeping on going. It was the longest night any of us ever lived through."

Her husband added quietly, "It's just a ghost town now. Many of our neighbors are in hospital ter-

rribly burned. One couple was taken away blind and may never recover their sight."

By Thursday morning, when Ron Berg and I returned, the intact assembly hall of the Snug Area School had become a relief centre into which poured scores of goods from the comparatively lucky.

I talked to two of the teachers, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Hutchinson. They told me about that interminable Tuesday afternoon when the 13 teachers, four of whom lost their homes and all they possessed, kept 270 children occupied and sane while Snug burned about them.

"We moved them from one section of the school to the other as danger struck.

"Across the road the Catholic church was blazing. Across from the church there was a petrol station and we were haunted by the fear that the petrol would go up.

"The school buses couldn't get through for a long time because a huge tree had fallen across the road and had to be hacked away. We kept the children with us until it seemed safest to let them go.

"One poor little mite had a fit, but the children were magnificent. They sang and played in the dark and did whatever we told them.

"Parts of the school flared while they were still here, but luckily they had been long gone when it blew up in a series of crackling explosions."

I talked to some of the homeless in the school on Thursday morning. There were few tears, only deter-

mination to begin again, and warm praise for the goodness of people in general that had emerged out of this wholesale disaster.

Relief centres like the one at Snug School had sprung up all over the area in a matter of hours. Help was flooding in from all Tasmania, from all Australia. There was even a place to which you could bring stray cats.

The warmth, the compassion — and the organisation — were extraordinary. The only human blights were the looters — and the many unthinking sightseers.

But oh, the bleakness of loss for those who have lost everything except the soiled clothes in which they stand!

Little wiry Mrs. L. J. Archer lived on a solitary farm at Snug Falls, in the hills above Snug township, until Black Tuesday. Now she is camped on the road with her husband, while the children are billeted with her sister at Mt. Nelson.

Bikes burn

The homestead has gone, the dairy, the piggery, all the barns and outhouses, and everything down to the children's bikes which they got for Christmas.

"I was alone up there," Mrs. Archer told me, "with thick trees all around. My husband was at work, the children at high school in Hobart.

"All morning the world had been black with swirling smoke, then suddenly early in the afternoon it seemed as if the air became electric.

"It frightened me, that feel in the air, like doom."

"I ran halfway down the hill, but the hill was burning."

"I turned back, went and got the utility and parked it in the very middle of the paddock."

"The animals were maddened with fear, but there was nothing I could do for them."

"The house burst into flame. I got a cushion, held it in front of my eyes, and ran with my dog through smoke and flames into the part which the fire had already burst."

"It was like hell, like hell itself."

"I kept asking myself where they would find my charred body. But somehow, I don't know how, I got away to Snug."

"My husband works at Kingston about ten miles away. He tried to get back but was trapped by the flames."

"It was hours before we found each other and it was 10 o'clock that night before we heard that the children were safe, billeted in Hobart."

"It wasn't until today that the children knew we hadn't been killed and that the animals had survived."

"We went back to the farm today to help the animals. Everything has gone. We can't milk the cows. Their bags were burnt, they kick terribly when we touch them."

"They must be in agony. And all the fodder has gone. We can't feed them. I don't know what we're going to do."

"But we're all alive, at least we're alive."

At the school someone told us that many of the homeless were billeted at the little town of Woodbridge about nine miles on.

We drove over there, through the same scenes of highly selective destruction.

Here, too, the area school had been turned into a casualty centre, a reception place for all the food and clothes and beds and bedding and useful things that were flooding in.

Those who still had homes, we learned, had opened them to those who had lost everything.

Safe, alive

Some small houses were sleeping 15, some more.

Once again we heard harrowing stories of terror and loss.

Mostly the pattern seemed to be that the wife was alone, the husband at work, the children at school, with many hours of horror to be lived through before families knew each other's fate.

There was, for example, frail, tiny Mrs. C. Dance, of neighbouring Gordon, mother of 12, with eight children still at home, who, with her husband, had lost everything they possessed in a few catastrophic minutes — everything but their family, all of whom were safe and alive.

The assembly room was full of helpers, many from Hobart, many from much farther afield.

Among them was young

Peter Frayson, of Victoria, on holiday in Tasmania, who had instantly answered the radio appeals for aid.

Many of them had worked all night and were still at it, sorting and distributing the goods that came in from an unending flow of laden cars.

Gently, cheerfully, they served the homeless who came in with eyes still fire-inflamed, seeking the most elementary and basic of goods.

Mr. V. Price, of Kettering, was one who had lost everything. He was reluctant to talk and he refused to complain.

"I'm one of the lucky ones. My wife got away by the skin of her teeth. She managed to start the car just as the house exploded into flame."

"And my four daughters are all safe. They were all at school, and eventually we were reunited."

"Everything's gone except the car, everything we owned, but I'm still one of the lucky ones."

Mr. Price was loath to talk, loath to complain, but as we were leaving he hurried after us.

"I just want to say this," said Mr. Price, conquering his reticence, "I just want to say that people are marvellous the way they've helped us every inch of the way, to take what's happened and to begin thinking about making a new start."

"I never knew till now what people are really like. Now I know. People are marvellous."

Devastation in Hobart — Color pictures, pages 10 and 11



The closer he gets...the better you look!

Now it's here! Shampoo-in hair colour so natural it invites close ups! Now you be the girl who looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting . . . when your hair glows with the soft, natural colour of new "Nice'n Easy"® by Clairol. It's easy to do! "Nice'n Easy" simply shampoos in . . . and suddenly your hair glows with a new excitement! Close-up it looks so natural. Can't rub off because the colour shines out the way natural colour does. Your hair is left

shining, vibrant — in wonderful condition! No wonder this famous hair colouring by Clairol is the favourite of beautiful women all over the world! "Nice'n Easy" is so rich in formula it can lighten . . . brighten . . . deepen . . . cover grey better than any ordinary hair colouring. Every time, new "Nice'n Easy" comes out naturally . . . beautifully. And you can choose a shade . . . or change it as you please! Try it for a lift . . . for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair colour looks so natural it invites close-ups! The closer he gets . . . the better you look!



1. Pour it on . . . work it through.

2. Wait just minutes, rinse . . . shampoo!

3. Nice'n Easy . . . so natural looking!



*Registered Trade Mark

New! Nice'n Easy by Clairol®

the natural-looking hair colour
you just shampoo in!

Clairol — the people who know more about hair colouring than anyone else in the world.

Dinner jacket sweeps the fashion world

(and makes a boutique fortune for St. Laurent)

• Yves St. Laurent's fresh approach to high fashion, which he sparked off with a new boutique on the Left Bank in Paris, has been an explosive success. His biggest single seller has been Le Smoking, a suit based on the English dinner jacket.

THE St. Laurent female version of the dinner jacket is in black velvet, accompanied by a frilly white shirt — and often a black string tie. Le Smoking was born in St. Laurent's couture salon at the Rue Spontini, on the Right Bank. The lanky French singer Francoise Hardy ordered it there in men's wear wool instead of the original black velvet she

had been tempted by in the boutique.

Introduced by St. Laurent in his ready-to-wear boutique across the Seine on the Left Bank, Le Smoking has been a runaway sell-out at \$100.

The suit is to wear at home. But it could go to the theatre (it does in London), or to a dinner party (Paris).

It has overtones of the Marlene Dietrich dinner jacket. In this generation, Francoise Hardy has made it famous.

Launched on this wave, St. Laurent's boutique is booming.

"We took 100,000 dollars in the first month, and about a third of that was gross profit," said St. Laurent's manager.

This is a bigger turnover than in the salon in the Rue Spontini, where clothes are sold at prices only the rich can afford.

The turnover in his Rive Gauche Boutique could have been greater. But the instant

success (couture copies at \$50 to \$130 for a dress and coats starting at \$220) caught the manufacturing end on the hop.

The air of the Left Bank boutique is as relaxed as the prices. It is nothing like the quiet and rather awe-inspiring atmosphere of the couture house where St. Laurent shows his crushingly expensive collections.

The clothes are the same to look at, but they haven't, of course, the perfection that a bevy of cutters, seamstresses, and fitters can give them.

Clients are the mini-skirted, colored-stockinged girls and long-bobbed, guitar-playing boys, although both Catherine Deneuve and Dame Margot Fonteyn have been enthusiastic buyers.

The sales people are young and good-looking.

Cafe in the courtyard

The Rive Gauche Boutique is strategically located in the Latin Quarter. It is opposite the French Senate, a bastion of the old traditions.

There are Coca-Cola machines installed against the bright red walls of the interior. Later there will be tables and chairs in the tiny courtyard, to be run as a restaurant.

Now the St. Laurent boutiques are mushrooming in French provincial cities.

St. Laurent says he got the idea of provincial boutiques in order to make clothes available to young people at prices they could afford.

"I feel very close to young people," he said, "and think it is a shame they are often so poorly dressed."

The Marseilles Boutique is earning \$1300 a day, and Toulon is booming. Toulouse opens shortly, followed by Bordeaux, Lyons, and Nantes.

As they open and business grows, they expect to drop prices. A forecast for next season is a price cut of about 20 percent.

St. Laurent doesn't think his Paris boutique will be any competition to his salon or that it will drag haute couture down to shop-front level.



OUR VERSION OF LE SMOKING, translated from the French, can be made from Butterick pattern 4128. The cardigan jacket is cut to show a frilly blouse; the pants are straight and easy. The blouse, Butterick pattern 3226, has a self-ruffle neckline. (We have added a lace trim to the edge of the ruffle and cuffs. This requires 3yds. ruffled lace.)

Butterick pattern 4128, smoking jacket suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Price 70c includes postage. Butterick pattern 3226, ruffled blouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Price 60c includes postage. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"The people who come to the salon would not be able to find what they want at the boutique," he said.

Not only for the young

However, more and more chic women of more mature years are found in the boutique daily. Among the items to entrance them are translations of St. Laurent's Little Lord Fauntleroy look; jersey shifts studded with square nailheads; bright plaid trouser suits; navy pea jackets; sailor topcoats with brass buttons; velveteen baby smocks in black or pale pink with lace collar and cuffs; the knitted-sleeve vinyl raincoat.

There are metal chain belts and handbags, redwood stockings, tubes of striped jersey, and a raft of shoes, bags, and blouses.

On the racks are the already heavily imitated pop-art dresses in black with enormous lips across the bosom.

At the moment, St. Laurent finds the work of designing weighing heavily on his shoulders alone. Long-range plans are for him to become a sort of captain of a design team. From these ideas will stem the whole development of ready-to-wear.

Close behind St. Laurent in his boutique idea are other couture designers. Among them are Ted Lapidus and furrier Claude Gilbert, while Ungaro is negotiating with a manufacturer to join the new movement.

There is a strong feeling in the fashion world that anyone not involved with some kind of boutique now is simply wasting time. Also that Paris will never be the same again.



ANOTHER VERSION of Le Smoking. Here the suit is worn with a white tailored shirt and narrow black tie. The jacket is pocket-trimmed.

Chilled and chocolatey! New Carnation Chocolate Mousse Cake

A delicious no-bake Carnation mix and chill recipe. It's easy. A cool dessert cake with a smooth chocolate filling, whipped to velvet texture with Carnation Evaporated Milk and topped with crunchy almonds. Only Carnation Milk gives you recipes like this. Because Carnation whips beautifully — just like cream. Tastes as good, and it's more economical, too. Carnation, the milk 'from contented cows'.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE CAKE

1½ cups (14½ oz can) undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; 1 cup water; 3 level tablespoons cornflour; 3 level tablespoons sugar; 2 level teaspoons gelatine; 2 level teaspoons instant coffee; ¼ lb block dark cooking chocolate; 24 or 30 single sponge fingers.

Line the bottom and sides of an 8" x 4" x 3" loaf tin with greaseproof paper, let the paper extend beyond the rim. Line the sides with sponge fingers, and the bottom of the loaf tin as well if desired. Break chocolate into squares. Place cornflour and sugar in a saucepan, add coffee, gelatine and 1 cup Carnation Milk diluted with 1 cup water. Blend and stir over medium heat until boiling. Remove from heat, add chocolate and stir until smooth. Cool until partially set. Whip the remaining well chilled Carnation Milk until stiff. Fold in the chocolate mixture. Into the loaf tin alternately add two layers each of pudding and sponge fingers. Chill 2-3 hours. Lift from tin and remove paper. Decorate with whipped cream and toasted almonds. Serves 6.



NEW! Easy-to-open can

Now the Carnation can has a raised rim that makes it easy to open with any can opener.



A COMPACT

look at two weddings . . .



• Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thorpe

WHEN ART IS CUT DOWN TO [PIN] SIZE

Just how mini can you get? We know it's a mini world what with cars, skirts, and so forth, but now there are artists who paint everything from portraits to Boeing 707 jets on pinheads.

A collection of these pinhead "canvases" is housed in the World of Miniatures Museum, at Seattle, in Washington State. The exhibits have been gathered by fine arts appraiser Jules Charneau.

An artist of the mini school is Manuel Andrade, of Ecuador. Andrade uses a single hair to paint with, and to prevent eye-strain works no more than an hour a day and 15 minutes at a time.

His incredible mini portraits include the entire Kennedy family, comedian Red Skelton, and Rembrandt's "Titus."

The Museum's collection includes about 30,000 such minute items, from pinhead portraits to toothpicks decorated with the Seven Wonders of the World one above the other, and the 50 flags of the United Nations inscribed on a single grain of rice.

Worked on for only an hour a day, these collectors' pieces no doubt have taken years to produce, which would explain why they are so expensive. A pin could cost anything between \$74 and \$750.

Another item of interest is that the Museum's visiting cards are the size of half a postage stamp on which is printed in delicate little letters the strangely irrelevant observation that "It's nice to be important, but it's more important to be nice."

Anyone with microscopic eyes would possibly appreciate a gallery of pinheads. After all, such a collection would take up far less space than the usual family portrait. But imagine the panic if Great-great-grandmother slipped her pincushion moorings and lodged between the wall and skirting board!

Did you know that it's risky to wear shoes without socks? It seems that the inner surface of a shoe, being less resistant than a sock, can cause blisters and corns — perhaps even athlete's foot. As leather against bare skin nurtures sores, fungal infections also may develop. Socks, anyone?



• Mr. and Mrs. Colin Hillary.

1

She said "I will" with daisies

WHEN Jillian Adams, of Heidelberg, Vic., became Mrs. Robert Thorpe last month, she wore a spectacular hand-crocheted bridal train that took her 14 months to make.

No fewer than 4500 crocheted daisies went to make the train, which is 10ft. long by 3ft. wide. As each flower took Jillian ten minutes to crochet, she spent 750 hours actually working on her train.

Consider that labor in terms of a 40-hour week and the Victorian award rate for embroiderers — \$29.45 per week. Jillian's train is worth, in time alone, \$552.19 for her 18½ weeks' work!

(The 50 balls of No. 30 crochet cotton used cost \$21.50.)

When Jillian, an old MLC girl, announced her engagement in November, 1965, she had just completed her examinations at the Teachers' Training College.

At that time crochet lace was high fashion, and, as Jillian wanted to give individuality to a nightgown she was making, she experimented with a crocheted daisy pattern to cover the white terylene bustline.

She was delighted with the result, and it inspired the beautiful train, around which she planned gowns for the whole bridal party.

She shopped for four months to find material that had the creamy look of the fine crochet cotton.

Finally, she found it in heavy Thai silk, and her own gown as well as the long dresses for her two bridesmaids and train-bearer were styled on simple lines to make a perfect foil for the exquisite hand-crocheted lace.

On her head Jillian wore a Thai silk Tudor cap with three creamy white hand-made millinery daisies at the back. A matching daisy was added to her fresh-flower bouquet.

Daisies were again the big feature on the wedding cake.

Man-like, husband Robert feels that daisies have had their day. But he will be seeing a lot more of Jillian's daisy train, because she plans to use it as a tablecloth.

■ New Zealanders are as proud as ever of their sharp, snow-covered peaks, but now it seems these get called "Man" Cook, "Man" Egmont, etc. They're proud, too, of "rubby" football (the top team is the "Orbax"), of the cheerful brown-eyed "Maries," and of those economically all-important inhabitants, the "cures" ("Hen air, bren care").

In the country that used to be considered "more English than the English," a growing number of people have an accent of their own, according to a gentleman named Arch Acker, author of a small book, "Newzild," published by A. H. and A. W. Reed, of Wellington and Sydney, 75c.

Newzild is like Strine, only it is evidently spoken even more casually. Railways are "rarewise," double figures "dull tears," power cuts in the middle of winter "para cuts in the miller winner."

Got the idea? Right — then see if you can translate:

"Art was a laughly weng — I never Ed such a nice grimy life." "Ask river soething she wants while 'm den ten." "R, Winchy laughly! (Often heard during raw tours.)" "We adder kent lies on the Femly Bemfit to pay for our new S." "I'm fizzer full."

(Translation: "Ah, it was a lovely wedding — I never had such a nice cry in my life." "Ask her if there is anything she wants while I am downtown." "Ah, wasn't she lovely! (Often heard during royal tours.)" "We had to capitalise on the Family Benefit to pay for our new house." "I'm as fit as a fiddle.")

2

TAKE YOUR PARTNER . . .

AUSTRALASIAN amateur Latin American dancing champions Joy Walker and Colin Hillary slowed down to a waltz recently when they danced at their wedding.

They also risked their amateur status as they circled the floor, for according to the rules amateurs are not allowed to give a public exhibition, even if it is free.

But Colin and Joy hope a bridal waltz will be considered an exception to the rule.

Joy, 22, of Canterbury, N.S.W., and Colin, 25, of Faulconbridge, N.S.W., have been dancing partners for the past three years.

In 1965 they won the South Pacific Latin American Championship and were runners-up in the Australasian Championship. Last

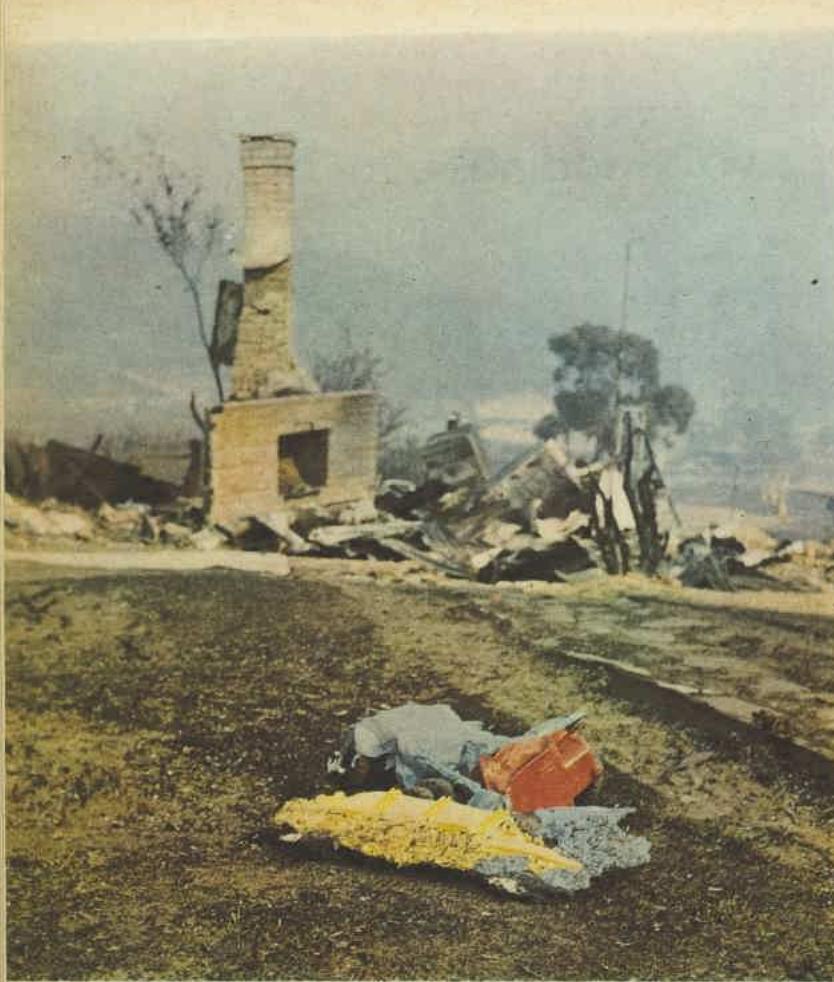
year they became the Australasian title-holders.

They danced the bridal waltz at the reception after their evening wedding last month. Watching them were 1956-57 world amateur ballroom champions Mr. and Mrs. A. Davies and other top amateur and professional dancers.

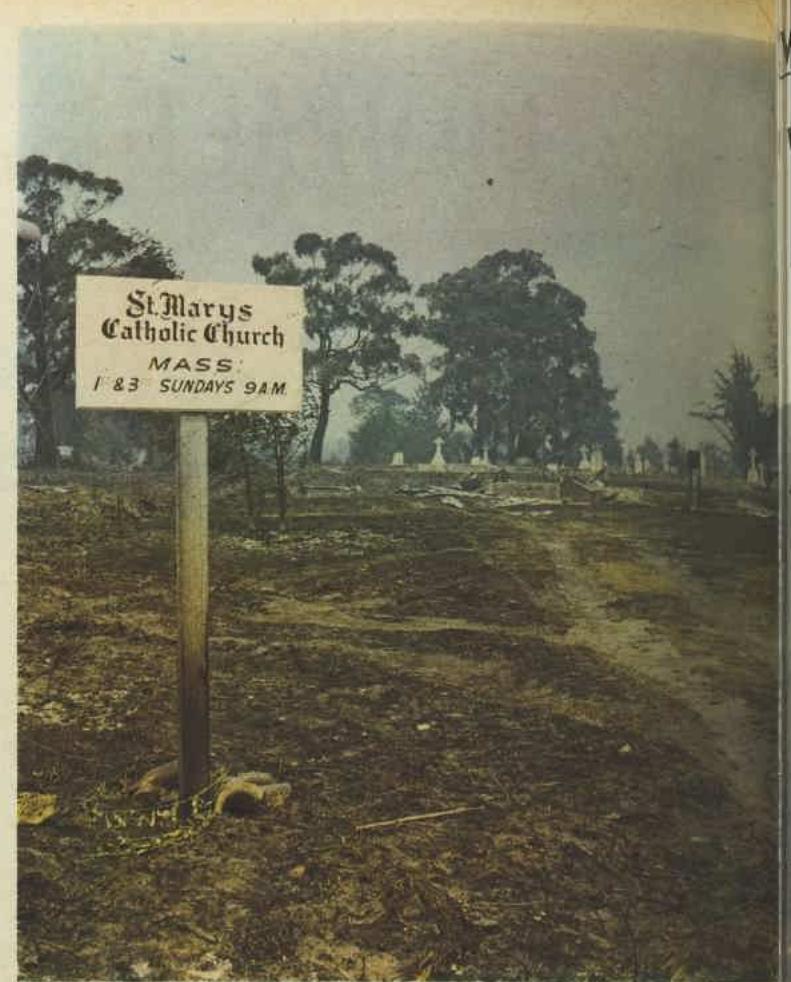
Future hopes

The bride wore a full-length gown and her upswept hairstyle — typical of dancers — was adorned with an unusual multi-colored headdress of crystals and beads.

Now that their partnership has been made a permanent one, Colin and Joy hope to go to England within the next 12 months to compete in the world amateur championships.



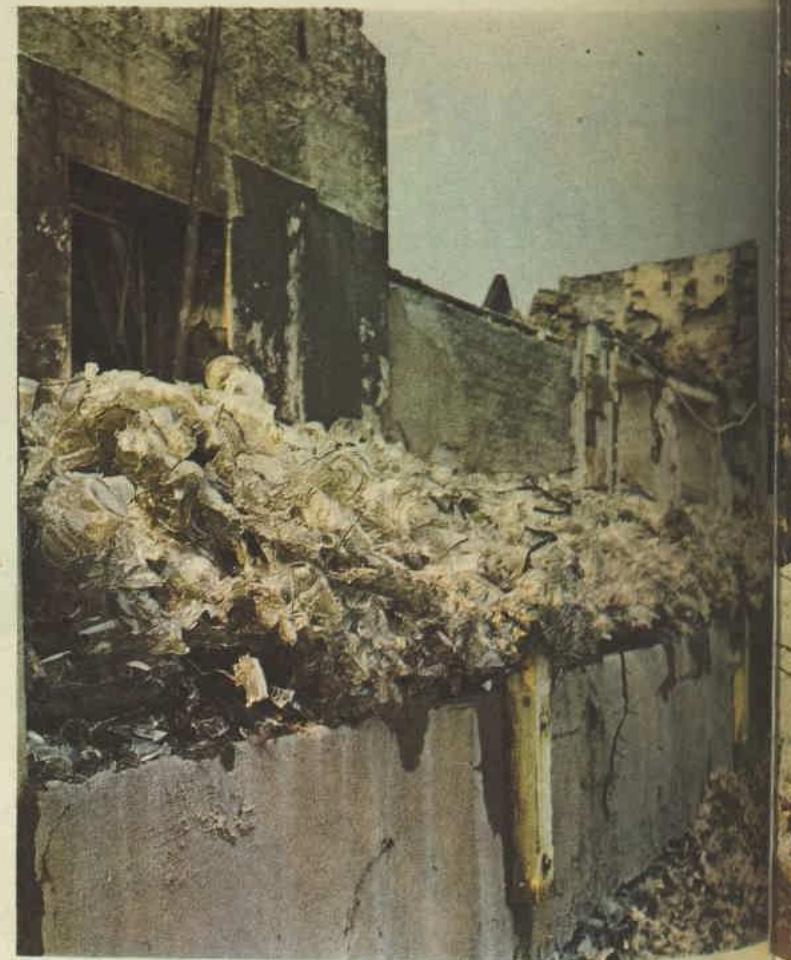
MOLTEN plastic toys on what was the lawn of a house. In the background, remains of a typically ruined home.



ALL THAT IS LEFT of the St. Mary's Catholic Church at the seaside town of Snug — the sign and the gravestones.



DOG KEEPS GUARD on the gateway of a burnt-out home in a Hobart suburb. Many pets suffered with their owners.



TANGLED MASS of glass bottles in the ruins of the Cascade Brewery. Scenes of chaos and of loss were everywhere.

DEVASTATION IN HOBART

"FIRE STRIKES WITH ITS MONSTROUS PAW"



CHARRED CLOTHES hanging on the line amid the ruins of a house in Hillborough Road, South Hobart — grim evidence of the terrible destruction in Tasmania. For as well as homes, cars, stock, and jobs, people lost the small everyday necessities.

Pictures by staff photographer Kon Berg



Many thousands of women of all ages have achieved a clear, healthy, radiant complexion, quite simply and easily, through the regular use of Neutrogena.

Skin beauty . . . the way Nature intended!

Almost every woman is blessed from birth with a naturally flawless complexion, but very few retain this complexion through the years.

The regular use of Neutrogena can help solve this problem, because it promotes natural cleanliness, the basis of all proper skin care.

What is Neutrogena?

Neutrogena is a specially formulated skin cleanser in soap form—a solidified cleansing cream that, with water, produces a rich creamy lather.

What does Neutrogena do?

- * Neutrogena preserves Nature's invisible 'neutral cloak', and so helps guard against blemishes, dryness and dullness.
- * Neutrogena protects deep skin oils, and so helps keep your skin properly moist and soft.
- * Neutrogena leaves no harmful residue (a major cause of skin irritation).

For a lovelier skin texture, vibrant and glowing, use Neutrogena, the skin cleanser that cleanses the way Nature intended.

Prove to yourself that Neutrogena should be your cleanser. Start this one-month beauty test today!

Thoroughly cleanse your skin with Neutrogena, rinse with clear, clean water, then cleanse and rinse again. Do this each morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed and delighted with the fresher and more youthful appearance of your skin. One month's supply of 3 cakes of Neutrogena costs only \$1.35.



Neutrogena is prepared under the original formula of the eminent Belgian cosmetic-chemist Dr. Edmond Fromont, and is protected by Australian Patent No. 164532. Your Family Chemist and selected Department Stores sell Neutrogena—economically priced at only 45 cents.

Manufactured and distributed in Australia by The House of Faulding.

NTG 98

like to wear a glass slipper?

You can—when you smooth away ugly, unsightly callus, snagging roughness, corns, with Heros. Barefoot beauty is yours after one washing with Heros. Quick. Easy. Safe. Try it. 79c all chemists.

Heros

chirpody sponge



MARRIED. Lieutenant and Mrs. Richard Bates Leming of the American Church, in Nice, France, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Ann van Bochove, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian van Bochove, of St. Jean-Cap Ferrat, France, formerly of Sydney, who will return to live here later this year. The bridegroom, who is attached to the USS Springfield, Flagship of the Sixth Fleet, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd A. Bates, of Olympia, Washington, United States.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

by
Mollie Lyons

SO pleased to be one of the lucky 200 people who have been asked to meet French couturier Pierre Cardin at the cocktail party which Mr. Roger Levy (the Commercial Counsellor for France) and Mrs. Levy are giving at their home in Bellevue Hill on February 27. It will be a marvellous curtain raiser to the Black and White Committee's gala dinner and parade of his collection on the following night at the Wentworth Hotel.

YOU might be excused for thinking you were seeing things, but there ARE actually twenty-five dinky-di khaki Digger hats being worn on the campus at the University of Rhode Island, at Kingston, in the United States. They are the badge of the Chi Phi Fraternity and were taken back by plane in January by student Rush Clark when he went back to university after spending Christmas in Sydney with his parents, Americans Mr. and Mrs. Rush Clark.

COUNTRY engagement of interest announced this week is that of June Dixon, of "Yarrawa," Cooma, and Robert Wilkinson, of "Cherrytree," Cooma.

DATE for your diary . . . the Moonmist Ball at the Wentworth Hotel on March 3. The decor at this ball is always quite striking and I'm told this year that members of the St. John Ambulance Headquarters Auxiliary are planning to have hundreds of pink and gold candles lighting the ballroom.

AND a second one, this time on March 4, when there's to be a glamor black-tie preview of "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," at the Ensemble Theatre, to aid the Frank Saywell Kindergarten, at Moore Park. President Mrs. Tom Forsyth will greet guests.

THRILLED to have their swimming-pool finished after a twelve-month wait (and in time for the school holidays), Mrs. Keith Storey told me that they now have two budding swimmers in the family—six-year-old Susan and two-and-a-half-year-old John (who can hardly be seen when he dons his lifejacket). The pool was quickly put to good use over the school holidays with an average of ten children a day in it. It's in an ideal position overlooking the tennis court with a wonderful view of the harbor.

BY the way, Mr. Storey's sister, Mrs. Diana Von Kohorn, will soon be off on a three months' jaunt overseas. She will be visiting friends in Cairo, Hong Kong, Belgrade, England, and the United States, and is thrilled with the prospect of seeing Mexico and Ireland for the first time. Madly busy at the moment preparing for the trip after a recent visit to her mother, Lady Storey, in Toorak, Victoria, she'll be even busier when she gets back from overseas. A few days later she leaves for Lord Howe Island by flying-boat with her two children, Karen and Steven.

OUTSTANDING in the audience at the Germaine Rocher parade this week was always beautifully dressed Mrs. Max Sturzen. She wore a wonderful navy Givenchy tunic with a low-slung belt at the back. Her white pillbox and accessories matched an inset of white at the neckline and cuffs.

COLONEL and Mrs. Robert Mansfield are hoping to show Colonel Mansfield's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Mansfield, a lot of Sydney during their brief stay with them. They arrive from Chicago on February 18 after a three-day stopover in Tahiti for their first visit to Australia. Colonel and Mrs. Mansfield have made friends for cocktails on February 21 at the Royal Sydney Golf Club to meet the visitors.

THIS possibly could be one of the most unusual books Robert Morley has ever autographed, and I'm told he was quite intrigued. The lifesaver on duty at Palm Beach at the weekend spotted the actor surfing and quickly asked if he would sign their patrol book. Afterward, Mr. Morley jokingly said he was sorry he hadn't been 'rescued.' "Don't worry, sir," said the lifesaver, "we've been keeping a very good eye on you all the time."

AFTER their wedding reception at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, Jenny Hirst and her fiance, Colin Sutton, will spend a ten-day honeymoon in Wellington, New Zealand, where they will stay with Colin's brother, Bob Sutton, who is the Australian Trade Commissioner there. The all-white formal wedding will take place at the King's School Chapel on February 16. Love the idea of the daisies which will be worn by the bridesmaids and used to decorate the Squadron—so simple and effective.

NEW address for Mr. and Mrs. "Snow" Swift, who have moved from their home at Killara into the Bellevue Hill house of the Jim Ryries, of "Micelago," Michelago, while their new home is being built at North Sydney.

PRESIDENT of the Collaroy Beach Club, Roger Court, told me a little of the arrangements he is making for the club's South Pacific Luau on February 25. The club, which is situated almost on the beach, should provide a perfect setting and will be completely transformed for the night with banana palms and low tables covered with leaves and heaped with tropical fruits. The 200 guests, who've been asked to wear native dress, will see an authentic Hawaiian wedding ceremony. Roger, a former pilot, was a guest at many luau when he had stopovers in Honolulu.

HOW exciting sounds the Australian made and designed leather wardrobe that Mrs. Robert Melville will take with her when she leaves with Dr. Melville on February 15 for a three months' trip overseas. It includes a clothe-cream leather suit with matching coat and hat for travelling, and an elegant silver leather evening skirt and top. Their itinerary will take them to England, France, Germany, Mexico, the Caribbean Islands, and, finally, Honolulu, where they'll spend a week. Mrs. Melville's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Gainford, will move into their house to stay with the Melvilles' three children, Robert, Fiona, and Douglas.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Donnan in the grounds of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, where a wedding reception was held following their marriage at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble. The bride was formerly Miss Anne Hurley, youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Hurley, of Pymble. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Carson Donnan, of Lindfield. The bride was attended by Mrs. Philip Doyle, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Julie Donnan, and flowergirl Katherine Richards.



ABOVE: Mr. John Bowen, vice-president of the Law Society of New South Wales, and Mrs. Bowen (left) with Mr. and Mrs. John Davies at the dinner to mark the opening of the 1967 Law Term which the Law Society of New South Wales held at Menzies Hotel. The Premier, Mr. W. Askin, was among guests at the party.

BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray with their attendants (from left), Mrs. I. L. Sutherland, Mrs. B. J. Shearer, and Miss Penelope Sutherland, after their marriage at St. George's Church, Malvern, Melbourne. The bride was Miss Jane Darling, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Darling, of Toorak, Melbourne. The bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. R. Gray, of Edgecliff, and of the late Commander R. Gray, RAN.



ABOVE: Hostess Lady Fairfax (second from left) and Mrs. W. McMahon (at left), wife of the Federal Treasurer, with opera singers Marilyn Richardson (second from right) and Valerie Hanlon at the luncheon given for them at "Fairwater" by the Entertainment Group of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions before they left for the Pan-Pacific Auditions in Honolulu.

AT RIGHT: The Reverend Father F. Cuttriss watched while Major and Mrs. Lionel Christensen signed the register after their marriage at St. James' Church, Sydney. The bride was Miss Christine Pout, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Pout, of Ryde. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. Christensen. The bride's sister, Miss Julia Pout, and Miss Berris McBarron attended her.



Dean leaves —with love



DEAN OF BRISBANE, Very Rev. W. P. Baddeley, and his pretty wife with their daughter, Frances, and pet dog in the Deanery grounds adjoining St. John's Anglican Cathedral.

APPOINTMENT as Rector of historic St. James' Church, Piccadilly, will take the Anglican Dean of Brisbane, the Very Reverend W. P. Baddeley, home to London early in March.

Dean Baddeley has become well known all over Australia.

Apart from his clerical duties at St. John's Cathedral in Brisbane, radio broadcasts and television appearances, he has gained a reputation for a certain independence in thought and action.

In the Deanery, during passing reference to this aspect of his eight years' stay in Australia ("I came for five years and stayed eight"), the Dean said:

"I have made rather a lot of criticism during my stay, but I think it would be nice to finish on a grateful note — although I could be critical of some of the drinking laws and the existence of womenism."

Not long after his arrival in Queensland the Dean caused a flutter of comment when he appeared in an official party at the Eagle Farm Racecourse.

It did not ruffle the handsome Dean, who made it clear that in his opinion gambling, like drinking, was harmful only for people with no self-control.

The Dean recalled that in Papua, which he visited twice and found "very exciting," he was referred to as "the Betting Bishop."

His guest attendance at debutante balls also earned him the title "Debs' De-light."

Asked whether in non-clerical terms his new posi-

tion at St. James' could be classed as a rather good job, the Dean replied, "It would be considered a prestigious appointment."

Dean Baddeley added he was already feeling nostalgic about leaving Australia, "which I simply love, with a capital L. When I was approached by the Bishop of London to accept the position of rector of St. James', I was simply torn in two.

"I have adored travelling. I have travelled all over Australia and this has helped me to get to know the people. My stay in Australia has been an enriching one in many fields. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

Mrs. Baddeley is taking some vivid memories of Australia in paintings by Australian artists.

Dean Baddeley told me that St. James' Church was one of Christopher Wren's favorite churches.

"It is right opposite the Royal Academy at Piccadilly," he said. "It has strong connections with the art world and with the theatre."

The Ritz Hotel and the Royal Overseas League are in the parish.

"Because the church is almost opposite an Australian bank, I hope we will forge a strong link."

Dean Baddeley is a Londoner. His previous appointment in London was Vicar of St. Pancras. Mrs. Baddeley is from Suffolk.

Their daughter, Frances, aged 12, has enjoyed boarding at St. Hilda's School, Southport, and is looking forward to going to another boarding school overseas.

— JEAN BRUCE



MICHAEL CAINE'S fair coloring is helped by loads of mascara.



HAROLD WILSON fronts TV-Press interviews with face powder.



GEORGE BROWN must make sure his beard shadow is hidden.



RINGO STARR always insists on a hairwash before the show starts.

Mascara gives Michael Caine his sex appeal

Make-up girl reveals secrets of the famous: Harold Wilson puts on powder; Ringo's hairwash is a "must"

MICHAEL CAINE of "Alfie" fame owes his sex appeal to mascara . . . Harold Wilson wears face powder for Press conferences . . . Beatle Ringo Starr has his hair washed before each performance.

These are some of the sidelights on world-famous figures given by make-up artist Dawn Swane, who worked for Granada Television in England for three years.

"I made-up Michael Caine for Granada's television play 'The Other Man,' and we worked on location in North Wales for three weeks," she said.

"One day when I was making him up, he picked up the jar of mascara, took a finger and said, 'This is what has made my money.'

"He is very fair, and until he made the film 'Zulu' his image on the screen was rather negative. But in that film the make-up artist put on loads of mascara to emphasise his eyes. The effect was terrific — it gave him sex appeal. Since then he has always used a lot of mascara.

"All the girls are crazy about him. For 'The Other Man' he had to look tanned, as he was supposed to be in India. His whole body had to be made brown. I asked for some girls to assist me. I was stamped!

"His girlfriends are all 'dolly' types — very well groomed and made-up."

Dawn was assigned to the conferences of the Labor and Conservative parties of England to make-up the politicians for their television appearances.

"The Labor Party is very concerned about the public appearances of its members and has its own television expert to advise on all

aspects of appearances, including make-up," she said.

"I made-up Harold Wilson several times, both before and after he became Prime Minister. He was always very nice. But even for Press conferences without television he wore some light face powder for the Press photographs.

"George Brown, the Deputy Prime Minister, was more difficult. He has a very dark beard shadow and if he is not made-up looks awful on television.

The humbling of Mr. George Brown

"Once I telephoned him in Manchester to make a time for him to be made-up, and he absolutely refused to have it done. I said I would not be held responsible for his appearance on television and also rang the director of the program to tell him the same.

"Mr. Brown appeared on television without make-up for the early program, which was shown only in the north of England. But just before the later program, which was to be shown throughout the country, he walked meekly into my studio and said, 'I'm in your hands!'

Dawn said working at the conferences was fun, as they set up temporary studios and became a part of the overall activities, working from nine in the morning till 11 at night.

She also made-up Sir Alec Douglas-Home for a Conservative Party conference ("typically English — very reserved and proper").

When Lord Hailsham renounced his title so that he could enter the House of Commons, Granada "kidnapped" him to appear in front of their cameras and Dawn was making him up while BBC cameramen hammered on the doors. (Lord Hailsham renounced his title

and resumed his family name as Mr. Quintin Hogg.) He is now named as Home Secretary in the Conservative "shadow Cabinet."

The Beatles often appeared on Granada Television, as they had had their first big break on one of its shows, "Singing at 6.30." This created special problems for Dawn, as their frantic fans would even hide in the make-up room behind the wigs in the hope of seeing one of the quartet — "or even touching a sponge they had used.

"The Beatles have a marvellous quick wit and would often set the whole studio laughing," Dawn said.

"They felt really at home at Granada and Paul would often climb into the director's chair and start giving orders while the others quipped back.

"They are very fastidious — as are all artists under Brian Epstein's management — and are a striking contrast to the Rolling Stones, who were given a good talking-to the first time they turned up at the studios."

Dawn also made up the players in "Coronation

Were they big-headed, difficult, temperamental?

Dawn said most were nice and easy to get on with.

"But you have to know how to handle them, as they are often very nervous just before performing and you have to know when to encourage them or help them with their lines."

Gory jobs for action dramas

Another side of theatrical make-up which Dawn also thoroughly enjoys is the gory jobs for action dramas. Some of hers have been so good that they were censored as "too realistic."

For the television series "The Villains" ("a brutal series") a man was bashed in the face with a rock in one episode and blood had to drip down the side of his head and on to a car. Dawn created this — and it was promptly censored.

Dawn's career as a make-up artist followed several years as a dancer in England and Europe until a neck injury doomed her life on stage.

The injury occurred when she was playing a small part in the film "Charlie Moon," starring Max Bygraves.

Slim, petite, and graceful as a ballet dancer should be, Dawn spoke lightly of the injury which nearly gave her a hunched back.

"The doctor said if I had danced for six months more nothing could have been done for it," she said.

"My role was a flirty milk-maid, and for my 'props' they got me the real milk-maid buckets and chains to balance across my back," she explained.

"They were too heavy to walk with, let alone dance, but as it was my first film role I did not like to complain. After the first day's filming, the director noticed that the chains had taken

By BARBARA MARTYN

Street." She shared an apartment with Ann Reid, who plays Mrs. Barlow in the long-running serial, while she was with Granada in Manchester.

As the series is about two years behind here, Dawn knows just what is going to happen next.

"But I refuse to tell," she smiled. "It would spoil it."

Other personalities she has made-up include Alfred Hitchcock, Henry Mancini, and Diane Cilento, Australian wife of Sean Connery. I asked what it was like to work with these top stars.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 23, 1967



MAKE-UP ARTIST Dawn Swane displays some of her handiwork. Pictures on her left show her busy on Michael Caine's "sex-appeal" mascara treatment in the film "The Other Man," a two-and-a-half-hour drama not yet released here. The Germans' grey faces contrast with the English.

the skin off my neck. But as filming had already begun I had to use the same props for continuity."

Over the next four years, Dawn's neck slowly stiffened and swelled until the order was given, "You have to give up your dancing."

During these four years Dawn joined the French ballet company *Les Danseurs de France* as its first soloist and in 1955 the company danced for the silver jubilee celebrations of the coronation of Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

While in Ethiopia, Dawn received a telegram from the London Festival Ballet inviting her to join their company in Oxford.

Dawn had previously auditioned for this company (along with about 500 others) and had been told there was no vacancy for someone of her height.

Next year, 1956, Dawn went with the company to Monaco to dance the specially written ballet "Homage to a Princess" at the wedding of Grace Kelly to Prince Rainier.

This event was the first to be televised by Eurovision and was beamed direct to London from Monaco.

The choreography for "Lady Audley's Secret" at

The Festival Ballet toured Europe for about six months of the year and Dawn went with it — to Norway, Holland, Spain, Italy, and Israel.

Dawn was with the Festival Ballet for about two years until she had to retire because of her neck. She returned home to Sydney to take treatment and decided to attend a make-up course at Gore Hill Technical College while she was incapacitated.

She created two ballets here

She had also done make-up courses at Sadler's Wells in London and on completion of her Sydney course took a job with Channel 2.

She then went to Channel 2 and as her neck had improved, attended ballet classes for exercises.

This aroused an interest in choreography and she created two ballets, "Black Opal" and "Jephthah and His Daughter," for which John Antill composed the music. These were performed at the Elizabethan Theatre.

The choreography for "Lady Audley's Secret" at

the Music Hall was her next job.

Her friends at Channel 2 talked her into trying London again. She made up her mind one day and was off the next on a plane to Brisbane to pick up a ship carrying a friend of hers. She made the ship with three minutes to spare.

She arrived in London in time for an international choreography conference arranged by the BBC and after that got her job with Granada as a choreographer and make-up artist.

The strict English union rules said she could do only one job, so she concentrated on make-up for the three years at Granada.

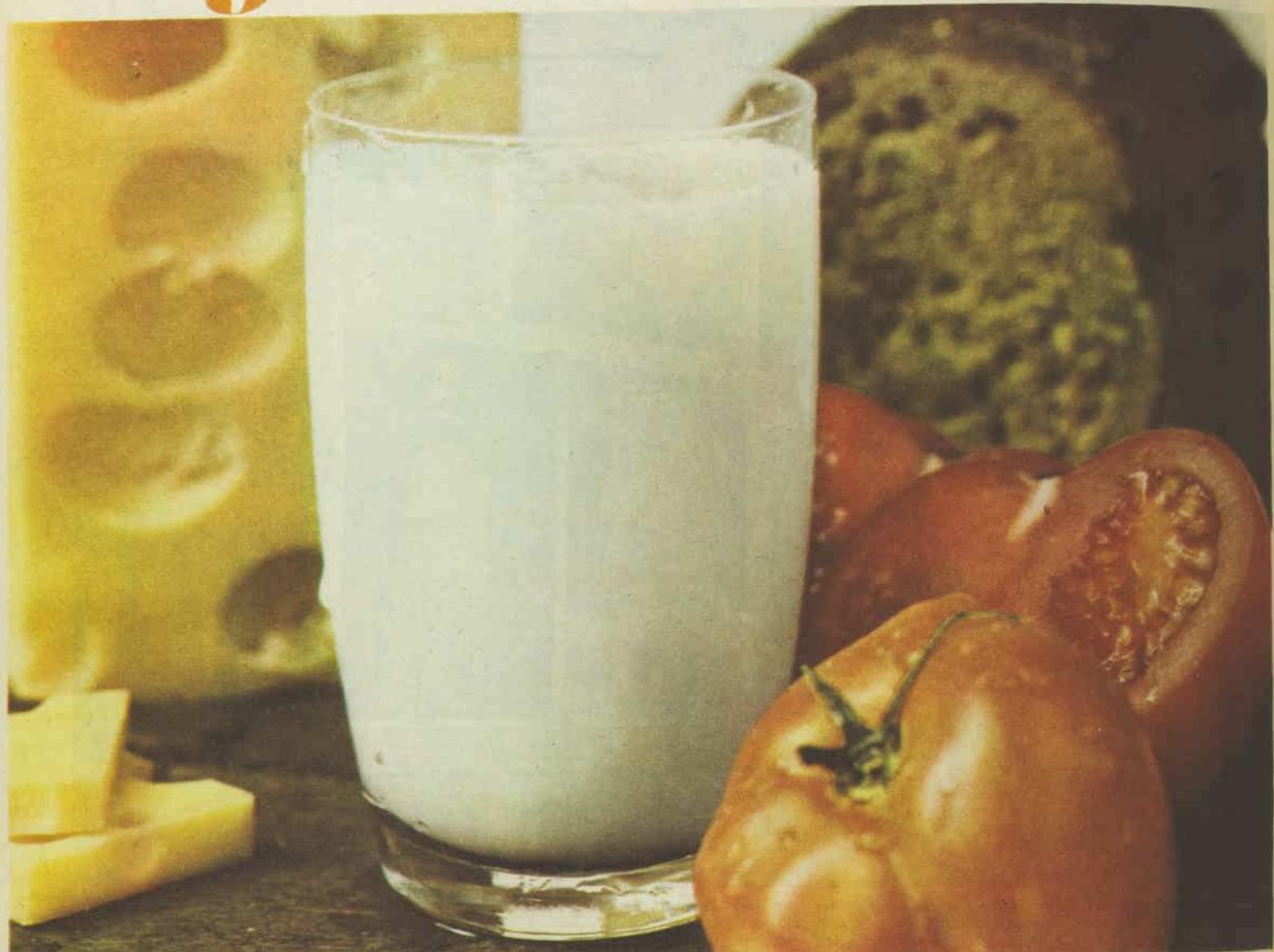
She returned home early last year. Why? The lovely ring setting on her left hand (opal engagement fitted to rough gold wedding band) explained this. In her new career as Mrs. Ray Doring, Dawn has been busily settling into her new home at Port Hacking.

But not too busy to set up a make-up school in the city, do freelance make-up work for the television studios, and start work on a television series on Australian convict stories.



IN HER NEW SYDNEY STUDIO Dawn will give courses in theatrical and television make-up and also advise non-stage clients on styles.

the good lunch,



A sandwich or two can get you through — with milk. Cold refreshing milk has afternoon energy. Watching your weight? Write for the milk diet: you can lose seven pounds in seven days. Milk Publicity Council, P.O. Box 48 Broadway, Sydney.

crack a bottle and go!



Don brings the big names to 'Tonight' show

By MAUREEN HEYMAN

TCN9's "Tonight" host, Don Lane, has some surprises for viewers as a result of his recent "working holiday" in America. In Las Vegas and Los Angeles he recorded 25 interviews with some of the biggest names in showbusiness.

LIKABLE, lanky Don has already launched two of these interviews (Jayne Mansfield and Don Knotts), but like the little boy who keeps his choicest sweets until last, he is holding a few special treats up his sleeve.

Two of these are his interviews with Peter Ustinov and Jerry Lewis. Both are unscheduled as yet, but keep an eye open for them within the next month or so.

I was not surprised when Don told me he found Ustinov "absolutely brilliant and one of the funniest men I've ever met."

Ustinov, as well as having an international reputation as an actor, dramatist, director, film and television star, was considered a superb raconteur by everyone who met him when he came to Australia in 1959 to make "The Sundowners."

Lane and his cameraman, Gordon Carr, saw the British-born Ustinov at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"He has an incredible fund of anecdotes, and when he's telling a story he acts each character," said Don.

I found his admiration for Jerry Lewis much more surprising. I remember Lewis, and then only vaguely, as the pop-eyed buffoon who co-starred with Dean Martin in old-time movies.

Yet of the 25 celebrities Don interviewed, he lists Jerry Lewis as the most interesting.

"He's a human dynamo who produces and directs his own movies, acts, and writes," said Don. "When we saw him he was on location filming 'The Big Mouth,' and

he was having trouble with the lighting, dashing from one place to another most of the day, trying to catch the sun in a suitable position.

"I'd met him only briefly early that morning, and I was rather flattered when he stopped in the middle of everything and yelled, 'Hey, Don, come over here and we'll do that interview now.'

Other interviews to be shown during Don's Thursday editions of "Tonight" (TCN9, 9.30 p.m.) include:

• Alfred Hitchcock: "I sure was nervous having to tell a big-time director and producer like Hitchcock where I wanted him to stand, but he was extremely polite and co-operative," said Don.

• Ernest Borgnine: "Everyone calls him Ernie, and he likes it that way. He's a relaxed down-to-earth character."

• The Three Stooges: "A fantastic trio with a great sense of fun and timing. It would spoil it if I told you the climax to this interview, but it's one that I enjoyed and I think the viewers will get a big laugh from it."

• Dick Van Dyke: "He has a really exuberant personality. We saw him in a tiny dressing-room at a theatre. It

DON LANE interviewing the master of suspense films, Alfred Hitchcock, in his studio office in Hollywood. This interview will be seen during the "Tonight" show on Thursday, February 16, at 9.30 p.m.

was a hilarious interview, almost overwhelming."

Don's ability to handle an interview has improved tremendously over the past 12 months. I liked his rather folksy approach to Jayne Mansfield and I am looking forward to seeing the technique he uses with others.

Incidentally, I was interested to meet Don Lane in the flesh. Until I saw him relaxing on the patio of his harbor-side flat at Vaucluse, he had been a picture on the TV screen to me.

Looks younger

Face to face (a feat achieved only when his 6ft. 5in. frame is sitting in a chair), he is younger and better-looking than he is on camera.

He and his dog, a red setter named Pal, have a rapport that stamps Don as a genuine dog lover, and a much-loved master in Pal's eyes.

When Pal decided to go for a swim, and Don had his last look through a telescope at a passing ship, we settled down again for a further talk about television interviewing.

Professional people, said Don, were a joy to interview. They are outgoing and only too pleased to talk without much prompting.

"The ones that can worry me at times are those who haven't been in front of a TV camera before. They get a glazed look in their eyes, perspiration forms on their upper lip, and from then on I know it's going to be hard

to extract more than a 'yes' or 'no'."

Before going on the show, Don interviews most of the subjects, giving them a brief run-through and a broad outline of the questions.

"Sometimes they tell me something that is newsworthy or controversial, and I ask if it's OK if I bring up this same question on the show.

"If they don't quibble about it, I go ahead when we're on camera, expecting them to say the same thing. But half the time they either clam up, look blank, or deny it outright. I suppose they've had time to think it over, and decide against saying it in public. But it would be a great help if they would let me know first!"

Lane is optimistic though not complacent about the success of "Tonight" during 1967. He has every reason to be, for he is putting more time and effort into the show, and it's paying dividends.

Already this year his show looks more professional, has a smoother presentation.

Even his singing has responded to the treatment. He is having two lessons a week.

His singing has been given the seal of approval by a legion of fans. The record he cut for EMI — 14 songs in all — has sold well. Now he has been asked to cut another disc, and this time it will be called "Don Lane — Strictly for the Birds."

★ ★ ★

THERE'S still time for connoisseurs of the television whodunit to catch up on the latest Francis Durbridge thriller, "A Game of Murder," on ABC-TV, Thursday, at 9.30 p.m.

Remember his earlier serials, "The Scarf," "The World of Tim Frazer," and "Melissa"? "A Game of Murder" promises to be just as fascinating.

One of the things I appreciate most about this type of suspense viewing is that it is a serial and not a continuing story. Also I like the no-nonsense attitude the ABC have toward it. They announce there will be six episodes, giving potential viewers an opportunity to sort out if they'll be available.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Momma once said, "I don't know if you've noticed it, but people nowadays don't look you straight in the eye when they talk to you. Nine out of ten times they look at the floor, at their hands, at your clothes. What has happened to us? Do we all have guilty complexes or are we all getting inferiority complexes? Although, if you are a woman, maybe this would explain it" . . .

MOMMA'S MORAL: When a man looks a woman straight in the eye, she had better do something about her figure.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



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These wonderful tours offer you the choice of spending Christmas, 1967, in Rome or Lucerne, Switzerland, and the New Year in either Paris or Rome.

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After the ship reaches Southampton on December 15 there's a full day's sightseeing the next day with the Arcadia tour members, who are "back on tour" after their free period.

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Fares for children on the Arcadia/Canberra segment are as little as \$830 (£N.Z.348), and on the Canberra/Canberra segment are \$776 (£N.Z.326).

How to book

• Full details of the wonderful day-by-day itinerary are in the special tour brochure which you may obtain NOW through the General Sales Agents below or your travel agent.

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resistance to Mortein — powerful Mortein kills them all. **Mortein is deadliest to flies, yet safest to use.** Mortein Pressure*Pak and Mortein Plus both contain costly African Pyrethrum, synergised with Piperonyl Butoxide. These are the most powerful insect killing ingredients known to science and the safest of all to use. Mortein is different from other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed near little children, food and pets. **Insist on safe, sure, Mortein.**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1963



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AGE 281
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967



Ploughed wheatfield at Reedy Creek, Wangaratta, VIC. photographed by Mr. R. Davie, Maitland, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

• A weekly series
by Bill Beatty

FEBRUARY 19

1807 Registration of the stump-jumping plough, the important agricultural machine invented by two South Australian brothers, R. B. and C. H. Smith, of Ardrossan. Within the mallee lands of Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales might not have been tilled.

1942 First Japanese air-raid on Darwin. At 10 a.m., without warning, 110 Japanese bombers roared in from the north to rain Darwin and ships in the harbor with the first enemy bombs to fall on Australian soil. Nine ships were sunk and others damaged, and 30 waterside workers were killed on the wharf. The ruins of the old post office, which received a direct hit, remain as a monument to the 1500 people in Darwin killed on that day.

FEBRUARY 20

1809 Governor Bligh boarded HMS Porpoise, agreeing never to return to Australia, instead of sailing to England as promised, to proceed to Hobart. He had been kept a prisoner for a year after Major Johnston had ordered the New South Wales Corps to march to Government House in Sydney and place him under arrest. Bligh anchored the Porpoise near the approaches to the Derwent River. In the meantime, the British Government recalled Bligh and appointed Lachlan Macquarie as Governor of New South Wales. Major Johnston was ordered to Eng-

land to appear before a court-martial. He was subsequently cashiered and the charges against Bligh disproved.

1824 "Young" Kable, of Windsor, knocked out a visiting English pugilist named Clark within 10 minutes. Sydney Town was enthusiastic over the "currency lad's" victory. He was the first Australian fighter to achieve success.

1827 The brig Wellington returned to Sydney. The Wellington had been captured by convicts while on a voyage from Sydney to Norfolk Island. They took her to New Zealand, where she was recaptured by the whaler, Sisters.

1876 Cable from New Zealand to New South Wales first used.

1898 The barque Atacama left Newcastle, N.S.W., for San Francisco and founded in the Tasman Sea. Thirteen lives were lost.

FEBRUARY 21

1817 The Hawkesbury River in high flood. The early settlers had not been long in New South Wales before they were made aware of flood hazards. In 1806 the flooding of the Hawkesbury reduced the colony almost to starvation, the floodwaters causing great loss in crops.

1899 Death of Sir George Ferguson Bowen, who was first Governor of Queensland. His powers were more limited than those of the early governors of the other Australian colonies, but, nevertheless, his

influence was considerable. The Queensland town of Bowen is named in his honor, and the town of Roma and the Diamantina River in Queensland are named in honor of his first wife, Diamantina Roma.

FEBRUARY 22

1701 The foundering of the Roebuck under the command of William Dampier. While returning to England she anchored off Ascension Island and sank. Although many of Dampier's notes and papers went down with the ship, he and his crew reached shore safely.

1791 First land grant in Australia signed. The deed of grant was for 30 acres given to James Ruse. The land, named Experimental Farm, lies within the boundaries of the present city of Parramatta. Ruse, a convict, was known for his good behaviour and diligence.

1928 Aviator Bert Hinkler landed in Darwin. He set a new record for solo and light aircraft flight when he reached Darwin from London in 15½ days. The previous record was 28 days for the journey. The Bundaberg-born Hinkler received a hero's welcome and was presented with £500 by the Queensland Government and £2000 by the Commonwealth Government.

There is a memorial to Hinkler in Bundaberg and another in Italy near the spot where he lost his life in 1933 while attempting to beat Scott's record flight from England to Australia.

FEBRUARY 23

1931 Death of Dame Nellie Melba, whose voice ranked among the great voices of all time. Born near Melbourne, she developed musical leanings at an early age and received singing training from Pietro Cecchi in Melbourne. After her marriage she went to Paris to study with Madame Marchesi. After hearing her sing, Marchesi rushed from the room to tell her husband that she had at last found a star.

Melba made her debut in Brussels, in 1888, as Gilda in "Rigoletto," which was the beginning of world-wide renown. She had a repertoire of 25 operas. The remarkable freshness and purity of her voice enabled her to preserve it far longer than most singers. Her last opera appearance in Australia was in 1924, and four years later she made her final concert appearance in Geelong, Victoria.

FEBRUARY 24

1810 Governor Macquarie issued a proclamation on the morals of the community:

"Whereas His Excellency the Governor has seen, with great regret, the immorality and vice so prevalent among the lower classes of this community; and whereas he feels himself called upon in particular to reprobate and check, as far as lies in his power, the scandalous and pernicious custom so generally and shamelessly adopted throughout this territory of persons of different sexes cohabiting and living together unsanctioned by the legal ties of matrimony . . .

"His Excellency the Governor, aware of the frequency of such illicit connections, and seeing the shameless and open manner in which they are avowed, to the utter subversion of decency and decorum, is compelled to express his high disapprobation of such immorality and his future resolution to repress by every means in his power all such disgraceful connections . . .

The Governor's proclamation failed in its mission. "Almost the whole of the Australian population was living in a state of unblushing concubinage," said the Rev. Mr. Cowper.

1817 Barron Field, first judge of the Supreme Court, arrived in Sydney.

FEBRUARY 25

1879 Captain Cook's statue by Thomas Woolner unveiled in Hyde Park, Sydney.

1900 The steamship Glenelg, of Sydney, was wrecked off the Victorian coast. There were 31 lives lost.



Grab your hats girls - and get over to these

Look for these 'Red Hot Values' from Sorbent and Scott wherever you see the fireman in your local store. Come a-running, because you'll be saved (they cut housework) and you'll save, too (they cost less, give you so much more!)



These Bowater-Scott paper products make work disposable

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967



Red Hot Values from Sorbent and Scott.

Help! These values are too much! The best toilet tissue for all the family—soft, strong and gentle ...

Sorbent Toilet Tissue

Over here, chief for lunchwraps made extra wide to tuck in the freshness. Value that's really hot news ...

Sorbent Waxed Lunchwraps

Pick of the brigade! Softest, strongest tissues wet or dry. With the 'Magic Oval' for easy dispensing ...

Scotties Tissues

To the rescue—with work saving help! Versatile, super absorbent—and you get 125 sheets in every big roll of ...

ScotTowels

Value by the helmetful! Softest, most absorbent. Big value—50 napkin pack—use them at every meal ...

Scott Family Napkins

Jump! These values won't wait for you! The latest in toilet tissue. Softest, strongest—the only 2 ply tissue that's double-woven ... **Scott Spun-Soft**



1

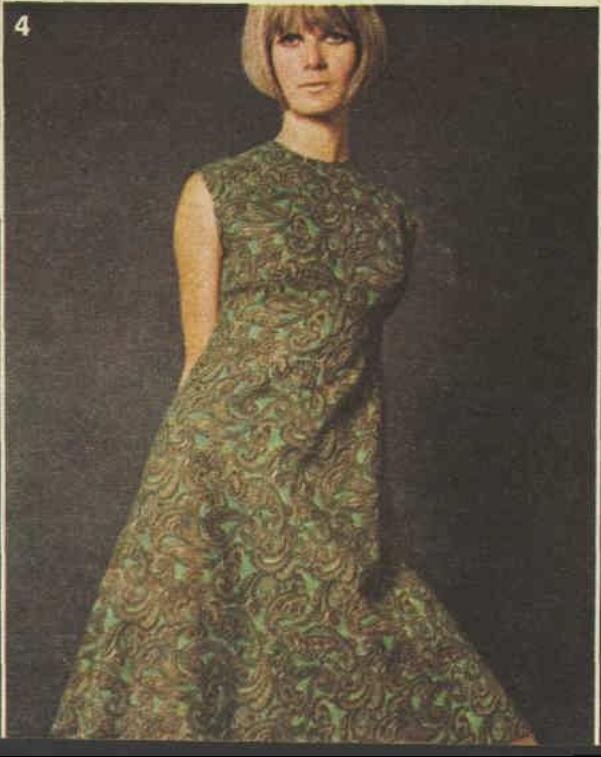


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3

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5

Nothing kittenish about Viyella. (Except for the way it makes you feel. Kind of purry and slinky). The reds are as bold as a fire engine. The greens emerald-hearted. The pinks, golds, blues all rich, deep and true. Some of the patterns are sheer extrovert. Others are shy. And don't you wish all your winter wardrobe was as soft (thanks to wool)...as washable (thanks to cotton) as VIYELLA? See the new Viyella range now. By the yard (from \$2.50) or in swingy ready-to-wear fashions.

Illustrated: 1. Butterick pattern by Jean Muir 4153 2. Vogue pattern 6912 3. Vogue pattern 6795 4. Vogue pattern 6901
5. Vogue pattern 6881

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The models are wearing: Helena Rubenstein's Clear and Lovely Matte Make-up



Fashions to span the seasons

● In this four-page fashion feature we present a group of smart season-spanning clothes styled by young London designer Jean Muir for Butterick Patterns and made in exciting new Viyella fabrics. This year's Viyella crop, in vivid prints, plains, and checks, is simply shaped in keeping with current trends, with a touch of fashion fun. The soft warmth of the fabric makes it a perfect choice for autumn-into-winter wear.

Continued overleaf

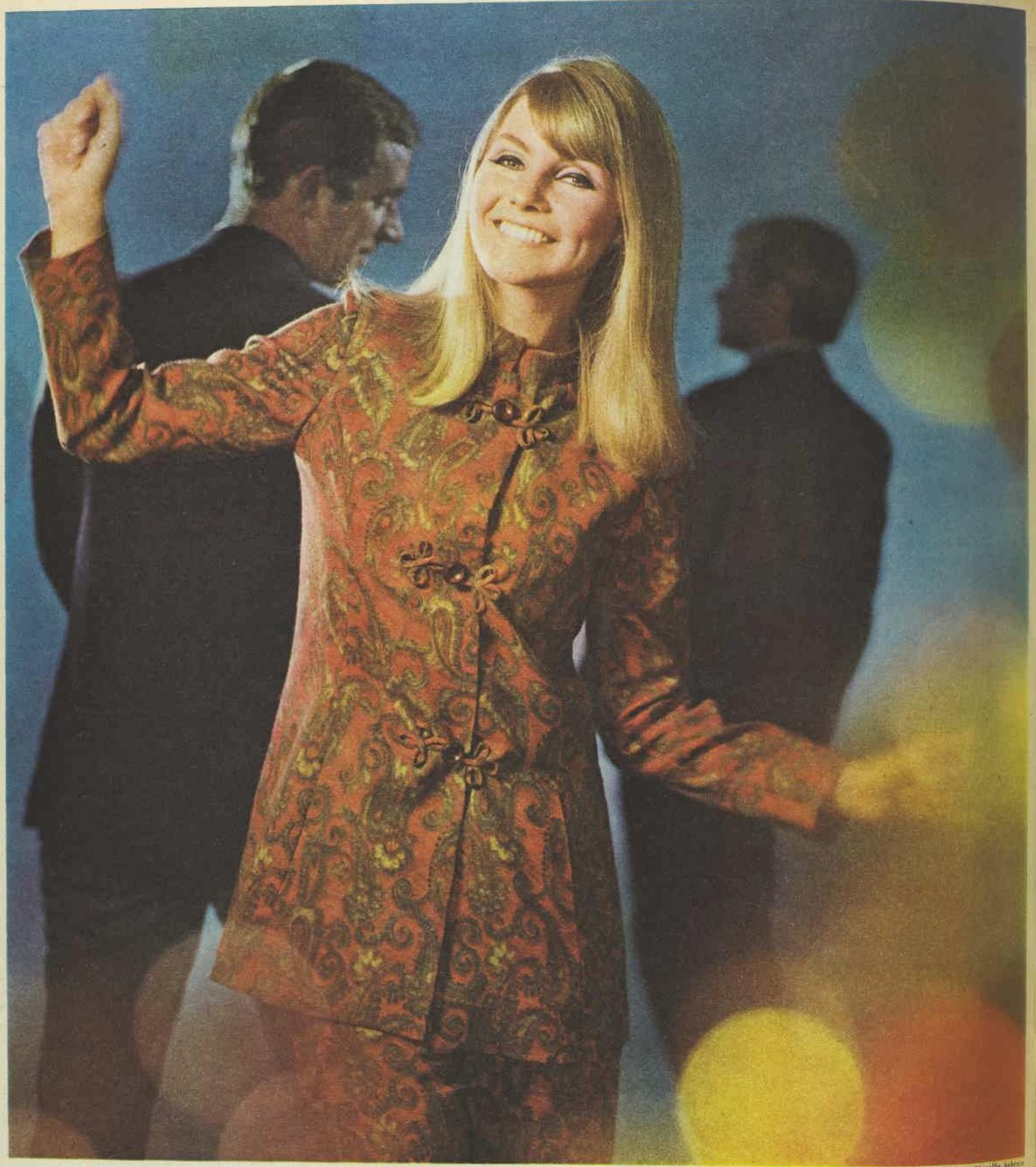


3871. — One-piece sleeveless dress with cut-in shoulders has full, circular skirt and long-line bodice, and is fully lined. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Butterick pattern 3871, price 65c includes postage.

4153. — Long-sleeved, semi-fitted A-line dress has raglan sleeves, a standing neckline, and is button-trimmed. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 4153, price 70c includes postage.

4129. — Semi-fitted A-line dress has inverted front pleat, button trim, and contrast dickey. Sleeves are three-quarter. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Butterick pattern 4129, price 70c inc. postage.

3707. — Coat and dress ensemble. Slim, high-waisted coat has away-from-the-neck roll collar, open cuffs, back belt, top stitching, and is lined. The semi-fitted, sleeveless dress is lined, has top-stitch trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Butterick pattern 3707, price 75c includes postage.



Gown is styled in Viscose fabric

Hot up the pace . . . down with the beat. Don't go away . . . stay on your feet. Don't fix your face, your face is fine . . . Clear and Lovely keeps your beauty perfect all the time . . . it's medicated, too, to care for your skin, but only the glamour shows . . . it covers tiny flaws, never clogs and is delightfully fragrant. Clear and Lovely, in six complexion-true shades—the most natural make-up in the world for young moderns.

Helena Rubinstein Clear and Lovely

Available from Helena Rubinstein Salons, all leading Department Stores and leading Chemists within the Commonwealth.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

Fashions to span the seasons

Continued from previous page

• The fabrics shown in this feature are available at leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

• The patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.; also at leading stores in Australia and N.Z.

1 2

4153. — The two eye-catching versions of a simple design at right — one in printed fabric, the other in plain — illustrate the versatility of this one-piece pattern. The basic garment is semi-fitted and A-line, has raglan sleeves, a standing collar, and button trim. The printed fabric, short-sleeved, and with short button trim would be a good choice for autumn. Plain fabric in a vibrant color with long, cuffed sleeves has a look of winter warmth. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 4153, price 70c includes postage.



3



4



3

3870. — Youthful one-piece dress has a fashionable high rounded neckline, is button-trimmed and lined. The sleeveless bodice with cut-in shoulders is joined by the gathered skirt at about hip level. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Butterick pattern 3870, price 70c includes postage.

4

3723. — Smart dress-and-jacket in top-fashion checks. The sleeveless dress is semi-fitted, slightly A-line, with high, rounded neckline. Long-sleeved jacket has rounded V-neckline, self-belt, top-stitch trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 3723, price 75c includes postage.

Ideas
for your
recipe
file

CORN RELISH RAREBIT

Spread one dessertspoon of Corn Relish on square slices of buttered, toasted bread. Place a square of sliced processed Cheddar on top. Sprinkle with Paprika or Ground Chillies. Toast until golden brown.



CORN PATTIES

Mix equal quantities of Corn Relish and finely diced devon, fritz or frankfurts. Fill in pastry cases or Savoury Fill biscuits. Bake in oven until hot.



CREAM CORN DIP

Mix thoroughly 4 dessertspoons Corn Relish, 4 dessertspoons thickened cream, 2 dessertspoons cottage or cream cheese. Chill before serving.



COTTAGE CHEESE
LUNCH SNACK

Mix equal quantities of Corn Relish and Cottage Cheese. Add salt to taste. Spread thickly on round o' bread, rusk or slice of pineapple.



CORNY EGGS

Hard boil eggs, cool, peel, slice into two and remove the yolks. Mix the yolks with butter and blend with equal quantity of Corn Relish and a little chopped parsley. Fill the mixture into the egg white halves and chill before serving.



CORN RELISH OMELETTE

Beat two eggs lightly, season with pepper and salt and pour into omelette pan which has been pre-heated with teaspoon of butter. When omelette is 2/3s cooked, spread one dessertspoonful of Corn Relish in a line across the egg. Roll the omelette and continue cooking until golden brown.



from the 'good taste' people **Master Foods**

'Too good to miss.' That's what folks say about Master Foods Corn Relish. Gives a savoury lift to just about anything you want to serve. In fact, it's so downright pickle scrumptious you'll want to eat it straight from the jar!



Eat it straight from the jar? You may give up eating it any other way! Because when you take firm round kernels of golden corn . . . scrunchy segments of fresh celery . . . and the mildest morsels of sweet red pepper, then blend them through a tangy 'mustard pickle' mixture — you get the most food-embellishing relish of them all! Master Foods Corn Relish. Try it on sausages, steaks and see what a difference it makes. (Incidentally — Master Foods also make a delicious Onion Relish too, full of onion flavour with only a hint of onion 'bite'.) Try a Master Foods relish this week. Try two!

'Oh! those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name'



SINGLE, AGE TWENTY- FIVE

THE personnel director of "Today" asked, "Do you object to working for a woman?"

"Of course not," Julie hoped her smile didn't show the strain she felt.

"Most girls do." The personnel director, Miss Leeds, reached for a white telephone. "They want to work for a man, preferably unmarried and rich."

Julie said nothing. She would rather work for a man; who wouldn't? Twice in the five years since college she had been secretary to a woman, and twice it had been a ghastly failure. But, she thought drily, I wasn't any crashing success with my men bosses, either.

"Mrs. Pryce?" Miss Leeds said into the phone. "I wonder if you'd see one more girl today? Julia Orr. She hasn't too much experience, but her skills are good and her college record very good. She grew up on a ranch in Colorado and she's rather different from the ones you've seen."

"Send her along—I'm feeling desperate." Julie could hear the voice clearly in the receiver; it was crisp and pleasant. That makes two of us, she thought. A desperate boss and a desperate secretary. Great.

Miss Leeds turned back to Julie. "Mrs. Pryce is up on twenty-six, the executive floor," she said, putting Julie's papers into a folder. There were the application form Julie had filled out two days before, the tests for what they

"What's bothering you, Julie?" Don asked, calling her by name for the first time.

called "skills," and which Julie had always called typing and dictation, and the two collect telegrams that had come in response to Personnel's wires about her qualifications for "a major secretarial job." Apparently they always sent telegrams for references at "Today." At Press rates.

"Mrs. Pryce hasn't been with us very long," Miss Leeds said, as she sealed the telegrams in a small envelope. "She came over from 'Girl' magazine as a consultant, and she's head of our promotion. It's an offbeat job working for her, one of the 'glamor jobs' you might say, but she's had bad luck with secretaries and—well, never mind that. Good luck now."

There was something pointed in the way she said it, but Julie banished the impression as she went out to the gleaming elevators.

"Today's" new skyscraper was still shiny new; "Today" itself was only ten years old, but its circulation was over a million daily and twice that on Sundays. How exciting it would be to get a job on a big New York newspaper, woman boss or not. If you did well at it, hung on to it, how your

To page 30

Opening instalment of our romantic two-part serial By LAURA Z. HOBSON



The material: Viyella The maker: You The secret: Elna

Only Elna gives you overlocking, buttonholing, triple seams, zig zag, ric rac, automatic darning and a 25 year guarantee.

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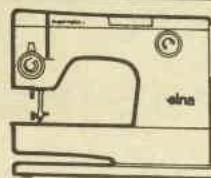
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See Elna demonstrated with Viyella at your nearest Department Store.

Page 30

SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

self-confidence would come back! That's what she'd meant by "desperate."

"Mrs. Pryce, please," she said to the receptionist on twenty-six. "I'm—"

"Miss Orr? Will you please wait? Mrs. Pryce just got tied up for a few minutes."

Julie took a seat. She was looking forward to the interview, especially after the dreary round she'd been making of button manufacturers and rice importers and factory offices. In the month since she had come East, it had seemed as if the employment agencies knew only that good old hundrum type of employer.

"Never settle for a humdrum job, Julie. You weren't cut out for that."

That was Willis Perkins' voice talking, and it came to her as strongly as the day he had said it two years before—the day he was letting her go after only six months in the best job she had ever had, just before he announced he would run for the State Senate. Letting her go was inevitable; his wife wanted to travel with him on the campaign trail, and could easily handle Julie's job.

THE Hon. Willis Perkins was one of the names Julie had given Miss Leeds to wire to, and it had made an obvious impression. It bothered Julie a little that she had not mentioned the fact that he had been the family lawyer for years, and also that she had put down "1962-63" for "Length of Employment," rather than the more accurate October, 1962-March, 1963.

"I know you, Julie," Willis Perkins had said when he warned her against the humdrum. "I knew your mother all her life, and the way she never could fake her feelings, and I know you and the way you can't. If a job bores the daylights out of you, sooner or later you artistically arrange to lose it."

She had laughed, and, remembering it now, she smiled again. He had meant it as a compliment, but in daily life it was a drawback. In business, after all, one often had to put on an act. In business it was called flexibility.

Put on an act. That was Mama's phrase, Julie thought, letting her mind drift.

I can't put on an act about this ranch, Julie, try as I will. Your father can't understand why I hate the change in it, but I pray you can.

Her mother's clear strong voice came back, and again Julie was a twelve-year-old watching her mother's unaccustomed tears. It was the first time in her life that Julie had ever heard her mother unhappy about her father, and his decision to change the ranch over from a working ranch to a dude ranch.

Though the dude ranch was a steadily growing success, Julie had felt the clash of wills between her parents, and so had her younger brother, Wally. Inevitably, perhaps Wally thought his father was right, but Julie had passionately sided with her mother, and had heard the pain behind her mother's joke about changing the good honest Circle O ranch into a "a country club with horses."

Sometimes her mother would say "a motel with horses," and finally, "The Ritz with horses." That was after they had built the new luxury cabins, after Rick had come over as assistant manager from the smartest ranch in Sheridan, and to the end of her mother's life the Circle O's fame and fortune remained a sort of inner hurt-

ing instead of a triumph. She had died when Julie was a freshman at college, but even by then her mother had never managed to put on the act that was expected of her.

"Miss Orr?" the receptionist said. "Mrs. Pryce is ready now. It's to your right, the fourth office."

Julie jumped up, jarred back to the present. You do have to put on an act at times, she thought again as she started down the hall. This is the job you're not going to muff, no matter what. No artistically arranging to lose it. No resigning. No getting fired.

The door to the fourth office was open and she caught a glimpse of a delightful room with filmy curtains and a low sofa and a small feminine-looking desk. She paused and the crisp pleasant voice of the telephone called out, "Come on in, Miss Orr."

Mrs. Pryce smiled and rose to shake hands. "You sit there," she said, "and I'll run through this stuff from Personnel."

Julie kept glancing at her as she read. Mrs. Pryce was crisp and pleasant to look at, too, the kind of woman executive you saw in movies; she was possibly fifty, but not for sure. Weren't there any grey-haired women east of the Rockies anymore? Mrs. Pryce's hair was sort of beige, in a straightish hairstyle, and smart. She was slim, underweight if anything, and her suit was elegance itself.

"Two errors speed ninety a minute," Mrs. Pryce suddenly said. "The speed couldn't matter less—you'll always have time to retype it if it's the final version. I rewrite everything myself, simply everything. But when it's final, no errors. We'll come back to that."

She ripped open the sealed envelope, read the two telegrams, and handed one over. "I never could see why Personnel won't let anybody see the answers when somebody praises you. These are both fine. Here's what your Senator Perkins wired."

C A P A B L E I N T E L L I G E N T A N D G O O D A T G E T T I N G O N W I T H O T H E R S . F O L L O W S O R D E R S B U T A L S O I S S E L F - S T A R T E R W H E N I N I T I A T I V E I S N E E D E D . Y O U A R E L U C K Y T O G E T H E R . W I L L I S P E R K I N S .

Julie felt her face flush with pleasure and embarrassment, but Mrs. Pryce did not seem to notice.

"Do you know anything about promotion?" Mrs. Pryce asked.

"No."

"About layouts? Type and typefaces?"

"No."

"Proofreading?"

"Not really." She could feel her heart sink.

"Fine," Mrs. Pryce said. "Then I have some hope for us. If you want to learn, I'm a good teacher, and I think you could learn quickly, judging by your scholarship grades. Then you'd know it my way."

"I'd try," Julie said.

"This is a two-way interview, by the way," Mrs. Pryce said. "I never could see why the applicant shouldn't have a chance to size up the boss, too. But your turn comes later." She glanced at the application blank briefly. "Single, age twenty-five," she read. "Sooner or later you'll be getting married, and I hope it's fine and happy, but do you plan to keep on working for a year or so afterward?"

"Oh, yes, I do. But I'm not thinking—"

To page 33

(Advertisement)

Beautify Your Complexion at Night

The promise of a younger, lovelier complexion free from wrinkle-dryness is yours when you pamper, nourish and fortify the tissues with nightly vitalized creaming. Even while you sleep your complexion will blossom with a new smoothness, suppleness and radiant beauty.

Dot rich Ulan vitalizing night cream over your face and neck and blend it in with the fingertips until the skin is generously covered, then follow these simple massage movements to revitalize your skin and keep facial muscles firm.

For Wrinkles Underneath the Eyes

The lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward or upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan vitalizing night cream to bring youth to the complexion.



For a Youthful Neck

A smooth elegant neck is soon attained by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream nightly and once a week wrap a towel, wrung out in hot water, round the neck for a few minutes before creaming. This will help the Ulan vitalizing night cream to add moist nourishment and a lovelier milky bloom to the skin.



For a Smooth Unlined Forehead

Keep the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements.

To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

Ulan vitalizing night cream is perfect for the very dry skin as well as the mature complexion because it replaces the vital beauty oils and fluids in skins stripped of their natural emollients by harsh weather, neglect and even the erosions of time itself. As you sleep, your complexion is nurtured to smooth, silken loveliness as never before.

Before vitalizing your skin, first cleanse it by spreading a complexion beauty milk over your face and neck. Wonderfully suited to every complexion is Delph cleansing milk, which removes make-up and skin impurities with a dissolving, non-drying action and leaves the skin smoother, clearer and free from wrinkle-dryness. As you tissue away every trace of dirt and stale make-up your skin will be ideally prepared for its nightly quota of nourishment.

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The Australian Women's Weekly

FAR ahead Mr. Wilkins saw a speck. A man. "Damn," he said.

He was driving across the treeless plains of Western Queensland, a mild-mannered bachelor of 45 taking a holiday on doctor's orders. "Forget the office, forget people." Here he was, a week later, sunburn on the top of his head and his varicose-veined legs, relishing the pleasure of being alone.

It was a spring day, early afternoon. The country lay dead-flat and featureless to the horizon. The road needed to infinity. The dusty wake of his progress hung motionless in the empty air. He felt himself to be an adventurer, a pioneer. "The last outpost," he said. "Into the never-never." The last township was forty miles back and with any luck it would be eighty miles before he saw another human being.

And now his sense of adventure was dispelled by that distant speck which could only be a man. "Damn," he said. "Damn."

Convention demanded that he stop, he thought. He was now close enough to see that the man was standing in the middle of the road, swag in front of him, as though he took a ride entirely for granted. Could Mr. Wilkins swerve and then drive straight on? No. Moral coward he knew himself to be, he feared the bewilderment he would see in the traveller's eyes.

He stopped. "Good afternoon," he said. "Jump in." The traveller heaved his swag on to the back seat and got in.

He was young, perhaps 25 or 26, swarthy, in ragged khaki trousers, check shirt, cowboy hat. Mr. Wilkins surveyed him kindly. Now he had a passenger he may as well make the best of it.

"Going far?" he asked.

"Toggabri."

"Long walk."

Grunt.

"Come from round these parts?"

"No."

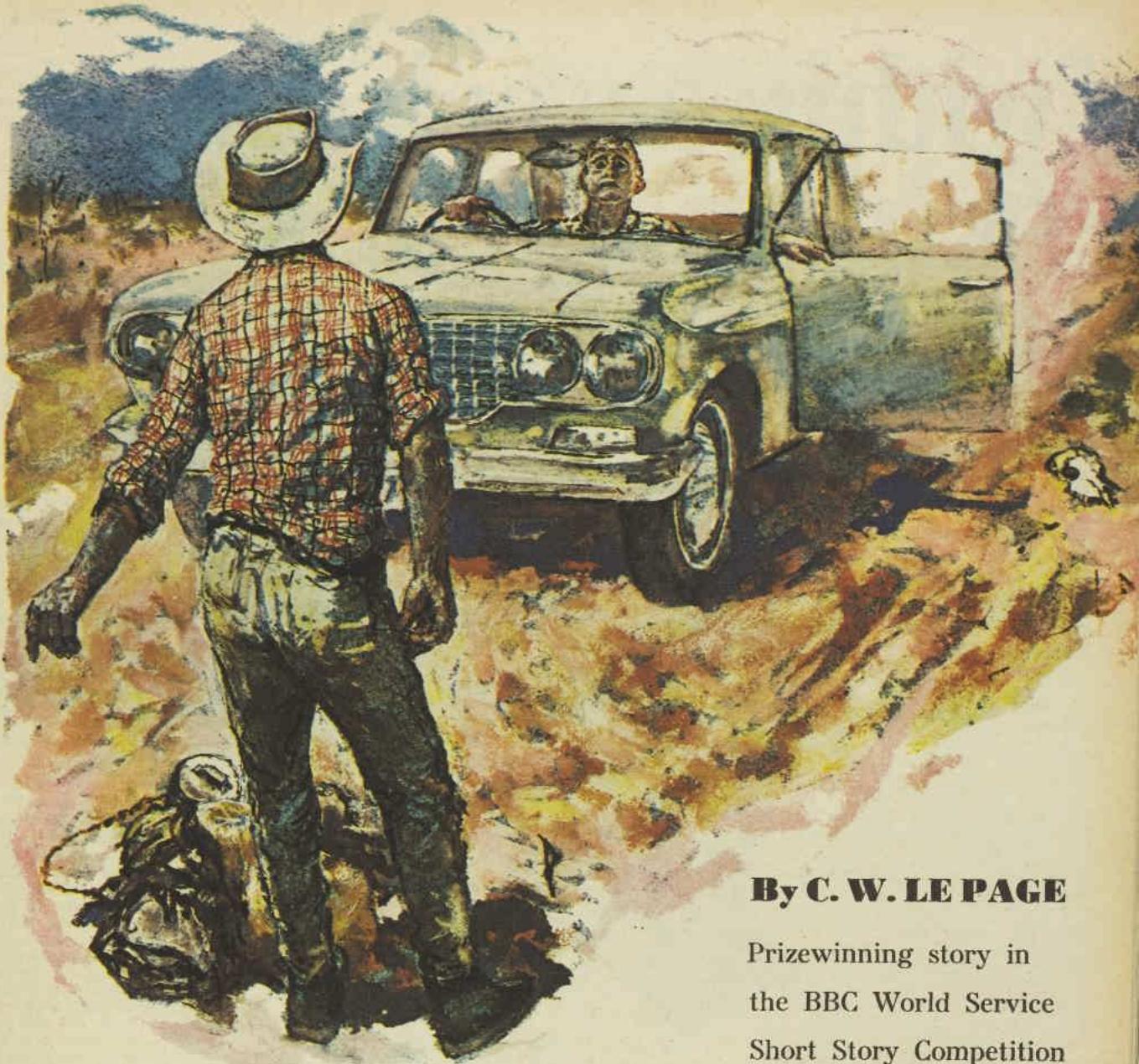
"Country looks pretty dry."

"Yeah."

It was an unpromising opening and Mr. Wilkins felt a return of his annoyance at the intrusion into his privacy. There was a good eighty miles in front of them and it was going to be uncomfortable if the fellow couldn't do more than grunt. But there — he was probably shy, spent a lot of time on his own. The kindly thing to do was make him feel at ease.

So he kept up a genial flow of comment on this and that — very few sheep about, pity the Government couldn't improve these roads, country very dry, fire would go through this country like — like — well, like wildfire. He chuckled at his little joke and took a quick glance to see whether there was any crack in the shell of tactfulness beside him. None. The young man looked straight ahead.

Mr. Wilkins thought he was perhaps a trifle deaf but then remembered that his first question had been answered. Well, if the fellow didn't want to talk he could shut-up. Mr. Wilkins



By C. W. LE PAGE

Prizewinning story in
the BBC World Service
Short Story Competition

The Hitchhiker

started to whistle but felt constrained and foolish. Hang it, why the devil can't the fellow say something, anything. There was a tension in the air. Some people had that effect on one. It was impossible to talk to them and darned uncomfortable to shut-up. Here we are, the only human beings in a hundred miles, and silent as two rocks.

The country continued flat and empty but Mr. Wilkins no longer found this exhilarating. It was boring, even menacing. The passenger's silence was bad enough, but his immobility was worse. He hadn't moved a muscle. If he would only smoke. "Cigarette?" Mr. Wilkins asked. A grunt — apparently a refusal.

It was a tough face, thought Mr. Wilkins, taking a quick look at it. Flattened nose, protruding lips, receding brow. Touch of Aboriginal, perhaps. Thick arms — and hands. What hands! Mr. Wilkins shot another glance at them, fascinated. They were the biggest hands he had ever seen, huge, calloused, dirt-encrusted, nails hideously filthy and broken. They rested slack against the man's knees.

The thought came suddenly that these were the hands of violence, of brutal purpose, hands to smash into a face or tighten round a throat. Mr. Wilkins knew, he sickeningly and

smiled at himself wanly. There he was again, letting his imagination run away. The doctor had warned him against it. But, come to think of it, what did one know of people picked up so trustingly on country roads? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Hitchhikers.

In America there was a campaign against them. An article he had read — yes, fool that he was, read and promptly forgotten. Hitchhikers! Drivers forced off the road with a gun at their ribs, then shot. Hitchhikers, social misfits many of them, wandering pariahs, doing their killings with almost orgiastic sadism — the preliminary torture, the leisurely shots in the legs, almost casual running down of the victim by his own car — and over all such dreadful incidents the silence of lonely roads.

Mr. Wilkins felt sweat on his brow and a formidable heartbeat in his breast. Quietly, he told himself. Imagination, remember. But his fear continued to mount and as if to leave it behind he began to drive very fast, eyes straight ahead, tautly waiting for movement by his passenger. Part of his consciousness was the reassurance of a mundane commonsense; by far the greater part was this swelling fear which he knew, he sickeningly and

ashamedly knew, would flood to panic at any sudden movement beside him.

If the fellow would only say something, declare himself. For Mr. Wilkins' part, speech would give his fear reality. His lips remained puckered in the action of his dry, expiring whistle.

By a slight downward and leftward movement of his eyes he could see his passenger's boots. Old army boots. They half covered a heavy metal bar Mr. Wilkins had used for some purpose or other and which he had forgotten to replace in the luggage carrier. He saw it now with such sense of terror that his breath came through his still-puckered lips in an exhalation audible above the noise of the motor. It was the perfect weapon with which to bash a man to death.

And at that moment the passenger moved, flung his arm along the back of the seat, half turned and gave Mr. Wilkins a long scrutiny. Mr. Wilkins felt the force of that gaze on his face, his middle-aged paunch. He felt it in his soul. And, at the point where fear would surely make him cry out, the man's head was turned, the arm withdrawn, and slowly, with the utmost casualness, as if to relieve a tedium, the huge hand reached down and picked up the bar, held

it as if to test for balance, rested it negligently between the knees.

Words came from Mr. Wilkins in a breathless spate. The road was lonely, he said, but not nearly so lonely as it looked. There was a cattle sale at Toggabri, and soon they'd meet the cars coming from it. He was known at Toggabri, the storekeeper was a friend of his and he'd be out to look for him if he had any hold-up like-like-a puncture, say.

"Stop a moment," said the man.

Mr. Wilkins gave a sobbing breath. He had been right, then. Well, he wouldn't stop, wouldn't bear. He pressed on the accelerator. The passenger repeated his request and again.

"Will you damn well stop."

Their eyes met, hard green and anguished straining blue.

"Wh—what for?"

Mr. Wilkins got the explanation in one muttered word — a simple need which, out here, would not require a man to go farther than the door of his car. Docility succeeded defiance. Perhaps if he did what he was asked . . . ! The car stopped and the passenger opened the door and stood with one foot on the step.

Mr. Wilkins put the car into gear, roared the engine and let

To page 32

Page 31

"within a week my skin was clear..."

... and now, some five weeks later, there is no sign of recurrence and my complexion is so smooth, clear and free of blackheads that I can hardly believe it."

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THE HITCHHIKER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

out the clutch. He had a momentary impression of the checked shirt spinning to the road, caught a single cry of "Hey," and then he was away, accelerator to the floor, car door swinging open.

He took a hunted look in the rear-vision mirror, saw the checked shirt in a swirl of dust, gripped the wheel in a drowning grip and put the car to top speed. In a moment he remembered the man's swag on the back seat, managed to heave it over into the front and force it through the window. He heard it hit the side, saw it lost in the dust. He was alone.

For a moment or two he drove as one pursued by death.

His heart beat with a choking intensity and sweat ran into his mouth. He groped in his pocket for a handkerchief and, in that moment, felt the car swerve slightly. Both hands back on the wheel he fought for control but soon felt an ominous thudding under him. A flat tyre! Panic engulfed him. He was perhaps a mile from the man. Could he change a tyre before he was overtaken? The car flopped like a wounded duck.

HE stopped, got out, and ran to the back without looking along the road. The lock was always difficult, the key had to be lifted slightly and now, with nerves taut and hands clammy with sweat, he fumbled badly. Open at last, he flung out his suitcases. The spare tyre, well screwed down under a shelf jammed by tools and odds and ends — the lifting jack, always a contraption of caprice and malevolence — he got them out at last and ran to unscrew the punctured wheel.

It was tight. His hands could scarcely hold the tools and the thudding of his heart was making him sick. The hubcap came off, rolled into the dust. The wheel nuts, loosened at last, he flopped in the dust to adjust the lifting-jack. On his back and then over to his stomach — fear and sweat would not let him see a surface to hold the jack. He stood up and gave a single look along the road. The man — distinguishably the man at this distance — was coming fast.

Mr. Wilkins flung himself down again and blindly

jabbed the jack this way and that. Some projection held it. He groped for the long bar necessary to elevate it. It was not on the road, not in his car. He ran wildly from back to front and then remembered — on the road a mile back, fallen out when the door was opened or held by the man when he was thrown out. And so, it was all quite useless. He could run — and he wouldn't get far — or he could fall to his knees for mercy.

And that wouldn't do any good, either. Momentarily he was stiffened by some idea of fighting for his life, grabbed a tyre-lever and stood with his back to the car. Then, looking at the oncoming figure he started to run falteringly away from the road. He ran perhaps thirty yards from the car, stood still, hunted, and ran back to it. He got into the back seat and tightly wound the windows. The car could not be locked.

Had he time to get the key from the luggage-carrier lock? A last look through the rear window showed that the man was almost upon him. Mr. Wilkins, tyre-lever in hand, eyes wide and staring, half-lay, half-sat, waiting for violence and death. He saw the checked shirt, the cowboy hat, heard a movement of the door handle. He gave a single choking yell. A second they looked at each other.

And then the man was gone, hurrying down the road. Four or five miles farther on he was picked up by a station truck that came in from a side track. At dusk, when they were almost into Toggabri, he morosely described to the driver his experience of the afternoon.

"Yeah, a few miles back. Mad I tell yer. Stuff all over the road. Locked in 'e car, 'owling 'e 'ead off and wavin' tyre-lever at me. To think I was ridin' with 'im. Might've killed a man."

Fifty miles back Mr. Wilkins waited for help. But no cars came by. He had been very ill an hour before. He longed for bed. But more than that he longed for strength and courage, for something brave to say and do. "Into the never never." "The last outpost." A single tear shone in his eye. He felt that some spirit in the vast and enveloping night held him in contempt.

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LULUBELLE



"It says, 'Imitation Jewellery.' Does that mean it's not GENUINE plastic?"

DRESS SENSE

by BETTY
KEEP

End

Face Spots

The quickest and easiest way to remedy these little skin blemishes and pimples is to dab them over with lemon Delph skin freshener, and then before powdering or making-up, see that they are protected against possible infection and the entry of acne germs by smoothing on a protective film of your oil of Ulan. You will be delighted to see how quickly your skin will clear using this method. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener that beautiful women throughout the world are now using.



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THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c

Everybody's

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

- This two-piece dress is my choice for a reader who requested a tailored design to wear under a wool coat.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you provide me with a design and pattern suitable for white sharkskin? I take a 38-inch bust size. I want the style to be tailored and suitable to wear with or without a coat. The coat is a lovely sapphire-blue wool."

Illustrated at right is the design you asked about. The dress is in two parts, and I think it is very chic. If you wish to order the pattern, beside the illustration are full details.

"I am in my early fifties and wondered if you think me too old to wear an aqua linen ensemble? I had planned to wear the outfit to a 3 p.m. wedding. If you consider the color suitable, please advise me on a color for accessories. I have a fair skin and auburn hair."

Of course you are not too old to wear aqua. It should suit your auburn hair perfectly. For the accessories, I like the idea of a matching shade of aqua for the hat and pale bone for shoes, handbag, and gloves.

"What color should I wear in the daytime? My hair is brown and my complexion dark olive."

You should wear very pale beige, white, aqua, and all shades of pink.

"My husband and I have been invited to a cocktail party in the city. This is our first experience of an invitation for such an occasion and we are seeking your help in the choice of attire."

Your husband will be correctly dressed in a dark lounge suit—either single- or double-breasted. He has the choice of a plain white or striped shirt. You can wear a street-length cocktail dress made in silk shantung, chiffon, or crepe. Wear gloves. If you have your hair done the day of the party, a hat is not essential.

"Is formal dressing at night necessary during a sea voyage?"

You will change for dinner, but this does not necessarily mean a formal dress. A pretty short-skirted afternoon or after-five dress is adequate. However, during the voyage, there is sure to be some type of gala dinner and for such an occasion it is pleasant to have something a little more formal. Either a terrace dress or short-skirted evening dress would be an excellent choice.

4002. — Two-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4002. Price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

I was. Because their work was just great. I'm a perfectionist and I'd rather have no secretary at all than settle for one who's not first-rate."

"I would try to be first-rate."

"Then you're hired."

"Oh, thank you, I'm so glad." She grinned widely in her sudden pleasure. "I can start whenever you like."

"Tomorrow? Or the usual next Monday?"

"Tomorrow."

"That's good, too. Nine-thirty." Mrs. Pryce leaned back. "Now it's your turn. Anything you want to ask about?"

"You haven't had too much experience, but I'm all for native intelligence, anyway. I should warn you of one thing here and now: If your work is terrible, then I'm terrible to work for. I don't turn in sloppy work to my boss, and I don't want anybody to turn in sloppy work to me. Fair?"

Julie nodded. But she thought of Mrs. Rollins in the real estate office in Denver, and Mrs. Coles in the travel agency, neither of whom she had included in her resume. They both could pick on your work until your eyeballs prickled with tears.

"On the other hand," Mrs. Pryce went on. "I've had secretaries who thought I was just great to work for. And

and we can pad holidays by a day or so, to mention a few status symbols."

Julie started to rise, but Mrs. Pryce said, "There's one more thing on my mind, and I might as well get into it right now. Most girls don't like to work for a woman, and there are disadvantages. I can never turn into Prince Charming, and that's a fact.

I won't take you out dancing, I'll never tell you you're gorgeous, I'll never propose honorable marriage."

"Oh, Mrs. Pryce," Julie laughed.

"One might as well come clean in life. Now, there are disadvantages for me, too, being a woman boss. Sometimes a new girl tries to make me her confidante, first about what movie she saw last night, then pretty soon what beau. Then come the tender revelations, even the tears."

Julie showed superior disapproval, even as she remembered sitting next to Mrs. Rollins' desk "explaining" her broken engagement to Ricky March.

"So I set up my own ground rules for the office," Mrs. Pryce said. "I won't talk about my private life and I don't want you to talk about yours. No exceptions, please."

"Of course not."

"You're miffed, but lots of secretaries do assume it's different with a woman for a boss." She smiled with



WHY SUFFER WITH CORNS



ZINO-PADS

WHISK AWAY CORNS FAST

No mess, no bother. Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads are quick, clean, safe. Super-soft pad gives instant relief from shoe pressure and friction. Medicated disc loosens corn for clean, easy removal. No wonder this is the world's most popular corn remedy. Only 42c (4/3) pkt.

Sizes also for
GALLOUSES & BUNIONS



KEEP FEET FIT

LOOK FOR
Dr. Scholl's
FOOT COMFORT
COUNTER AT
YOUR CHEMIST
OR STORE

Remedies for
every common
foot trouble

Problem boy yesterday...



Problem solver today...

Today, Johnny topped an arithmetic test. "But yesterday," says Johnny's mother, "he was cross and cranky and wouldn't settle down to homework. Then I remembered Laxettes, the chocolate laxative. Today he's as good as gold. Eating well, too." Mother Nature usually keeps children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Milk chocolate Laxettes restore your child's regularity overnight. Gently. Safely. And there's no taste but the chocolate. Laxettes tonight, tomorrow they're right. Only 35 cents (3/6) LAXES

sudden warmth. "All I'll ever confide to you is that I have two boys, Don, who's in his first year at Harvard Medical, and Kenneth, who's at Riverdale Prep.

"I'm divorced and have been for a thousand years. You'll handle my monthly cheque, so you'll know what I make. You'll pay my bills, so you'll know what I spend. Now have I scared you so you want to think it over about tomorrow?"

"Oh, no," Julie said quickly, "I'll be here at nine-thirty. And thank you."

That night Julie took her father up on his standing offer to call home whenever she had the impulse. He had been sympathetic about her yearning to leave the ranch and get to New York; it was as if the understanding he had never been able to give her mother was now all hers, and they had grown closer each year since she had started her rocky business career.

"Person-to-person," Julie said. She didn't want to get Rick on the phone first. Not that she minded talking to Rick; but she always got a little tense at the idea. When she had told Rick at Christmas that their engagement was "one of those propinquity deals," her main feeling later was one of relief and she suspected that this was, too. "Engagement broken by mutual consent" was duly printed in the "Rocky Mountain News" and the "Denver Post," and even the gossip among the cowboys at the

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Food needs Butter's flavour You need Butter's goodness

It's so easy to put a little extra personality into your cooking, and Butter Sauce can do it! The delicate flavour of fish responds to a frothy piquant Brown Butter Sauce. In fact many of your dishes will be enriched in flavour and nutrition with a delicious Butter based sauce.

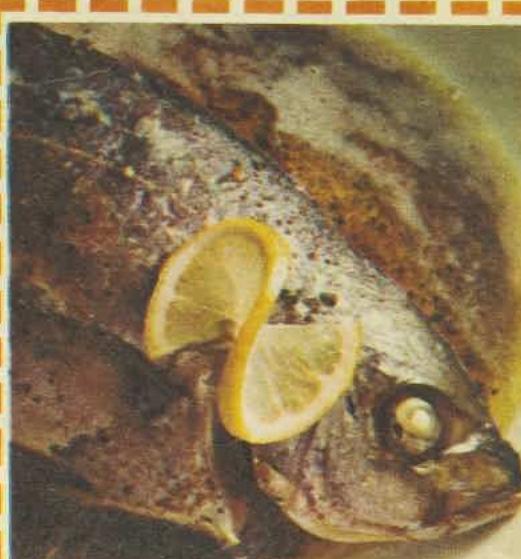
Butter's matchless flavour is the reason why great chefs such as Graham Kerr insist on Butter to bring out the natural flavour of food. Treat your family to the best. Use Butter, nature's own food.

Butter
- a health food
only nature
can provide

Inserted in the interests
of better nutrition by the
Australian Dairy Produce Board



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Try this easy-to-make
Brown Butter Sauce

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. butter
1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley
1 teaspoon vinegar

Put butter in saucepan and heat till it froths. Add vinegar and parsley and cook till a nut brown colour.

Serve over baked fish, fillets of fish, baked fish cutlets or smoked cod.

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SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

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coral, or the swift looks of Wally's college friends, didn't really disturb her.

She and Rick had remained friendly; it was Rick who'd advised her to "be selective" about what she put in her application blank. "Don't mention every pesky job that blew up in your face—nobody does. Just list the good ones."

She had followed Rick's advice, always before she had met him, listed every horrid little flop, but now she had put down only four jobs over the five years. Explaining the gaps was simply instinctive: "General office work, Circle O Ranch, Corby, Colorado, owned by my father." It wasn't a lie, just a vagueness as to elapsed time.

Rick had been right, and soon she'd write to say his technique had helped her get the "Today" job, but talking gaily to him tonight still wasn't in the cards. Maybe it was true that there was something forever special about your first love, especially when you had gone ahead and let it become something more of an affair than she'd ever intended. But not till we were urged, Julie thought—

Then she heard the long-distance operator say: "Mr. Orr? Mr. Walter Orr? Will you accept a collect call from New York City?" "Daddy," Julie cried an instant later, "I just got a wonderful job, and I had to tell you."

"Good for you. What kind of job is it?"

"On a newspaper at ninety a week." She told him about the interview at length. "So maybe it's going to be Nuts—

ville, or slavery, but I don't care."

He came back to the ninety a week—her job in Denver had never paid that much—and asked about her rented apartment and her life in general. The one thing he wanted to ask and would not let himself ask was, "Any new beau?" and gratefully she turned the talk to her brother Wally, who was to be graduated from the university in June.

"He's being scouted by some of the biggest electronics companies," her father said proudly, "and he expects to be signed up soon." The reservation books at the ranch were packed solid, he went on, and he and Rick were head over heels in work. "I haven't time to miss you," he ended, "so you just make the most of things in the big city."

When they hung up, Julie felt cheerful and good. She would make the most of things. She would avoid every trap this job might have; she would put up with anything Mrs. Pryce might dish out. A year was the minimum—one full year, twelve months, fifty-two weeks, three hundred and sixty-five days.

Once she broke her jinx and proved she could hold big job and make a success of it, maybe other good things would follow, and she wouldn't have to steer her father away from asking about

a new beau. She glanced around the dull narrow room she had rented; soon she would move to a pretty apartment and get some of her own furniture shipped East. And she would meet some new people—

Hope bubbled up and she turned on her radio and decided to wash her hair. It was wonderful to be so eager for the morning.

Across Central Park, Kay Pryce was also feeling cheerful and good. Greta had served a fine dinner, managing to watch calories and satisfy Ken's young appetite with equal aplomb. Now Ken was upstairs "slaving" and she was going to just laze around and read. The secretary hunt was over with at last, and if this was one of her lucky hits it would stay over and done with for a long time, as it had with Harriet and Evie and Judy, each of whom had stayed for three years or so.

What a beneficent glow came over working hours when you had an able and pleasant secretary who enjoyed being where she was, doing what she did. And how it vanished when you took on one of the other kinds.

Julie had seemed both able and pleasant. With her smooth brown hair, slightly upturned nose, and grey eyes, she was a pretty girl, and that helped, too. Personnel never realised that any normal woman executive enjoyed seeing a slim and pretty youngster around an office as much as the men bosses did.

Doubtless Personnel was sure an older woman would be jealous. The only women she was jealous of now were other women of fifty-five, and there were precious few who had anything to be jealous about, poor bored things, with their afternoon bridge and their husbands' retirement talk.

How unwillingly she would change with any of them, for all the pain and fear and heartbreak that had come her way. Work was the great healer, not time but work. Especially when you enjoyed what you worked at. And she loved writing promotion.

Never had she pined away with frustration because she could not write a play or a novel, as did most of her colleagues, agonising over some unfinished manuscript.

She was contented with her work, and always had been.

She still had a busy life,

which so many women she knew had long ago stopped having, and she was secure

as long as her wits held out,

as so many alimony-takers were not.

She had rejected alimony in her first shock and anger sixteen years ago; her ex-husband could pay only the children's school and college bills, she had told her lawyer—"and for having their teeth straightened, too," she had suddenly added, rather remarkably she had thought afterward, since Kenny didn't have his first tooth for another four months.

And not one cent extra had she ever taken; it was good that, in the end, he had willed them each a sizable amount, to see them through their first years beyond college.

Upstairs, Ken turned his stereo up a couple of notches; he was through homework for the night. How sixteen could listen with equal joy to the Beatles or Prokofiev or Bach she would never know. Don had been the same at Ken's age; now Don had sorted himself out in music, as he seemed to be doing about so many other things.

SHE sighed and remembered the letter Don had written her last year—the most serious she'd ever had from him—and her heart contracted a little. Then she thought: It is not because of the divorce and a broken home; look at the mistakes you made when you were young, and your home was as unbroken as a rock. Not because of being brought up by a woman alone. You didn't arrange that, anyway; life did.

Kay Pryce stretched lazily and yawned. Of a sudden, a phrase popped into her head, something about yawning your head off. It might make a headline. She went to her desk in the living-room and jotted it down. If you were one of the lucky ones, you always had your work.

Before the week was out, Julie thought: It's the cinchiest job in the world. She doesn't do anything.

Mrs. Pryce never dictated a piece of copy or a personal letter. She wrote directly on a portable typewriter—single-space and very fast when she wrote letters, triple-space and very slowly when she wrote promotion.

By Friday noon she had turned over one piece of copy to Julie for final typing. "I've spaced the lines the way they'll break best," she said. "Please follow me on them. Take all the time you need. No hurry."

It was short copy, part of the new prestige campaign "Today" was running. One of Julie's duties so far had been to read all the old ads in the various proof books, and this was the series she liked best. As she took the new ad, she was filled with curiosity.

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no matter how active...
you're always appealing—

Day/Long
DEODORANT, ANTIPERSPIRANT

Roll-On	78c
Refills	59c
Aerosol	95c
Stick	75c
Cream	58c

From Chemists
NYAL COMPANY • SYDNEY

If Julius Caesar had known about

TILT-A-DOR

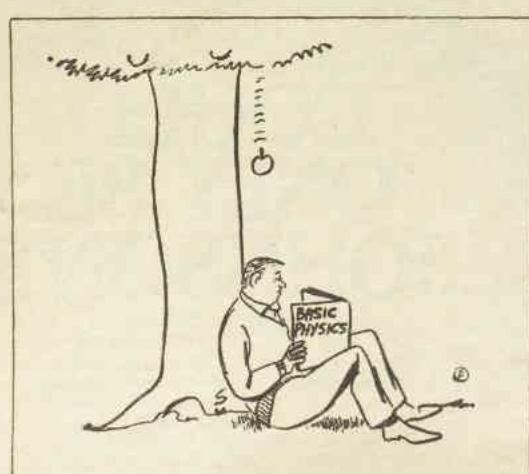


he'd have installed
several in the Colosseum

For your garage, insist on TILT-A-DOR overhead garage door fittings—they last longer, look better, tilt and lower as light as a feather. See your door specialist!

Order the
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
10c every week

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SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

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"Today" may make you sore
but it won't make you
yawn your head off.
Some people get mad at this
newspaper, but nobody's bored
by it.

Some people call it glib,
pig-headed, or know-it-all.
But nobody ever calls it dull.
Julie read on with rising excitement.
She was holding what
would be a full-page advertisement
some day, and she would
be part of the entire process. She
turned to her special cubbyhole,
just outside Mrs. Pryce's office,
one of a row of cubbyholes outside
all the other big offices on
this floor. It was a sort of half-
office, enclosed shoulder-high with
frosted glass, but it was attractive,
with a yellow desk and a swivel
chair of aluminium and black
tweed.

She sat at her typewriter and
rolled in the original of heavy
bond paper and four sheets of
lighter bond. Mrs. Pryce didn't
like onionskin for carbons.

Julie made a careful copy following
line for line, space for
space, and then she read it
through before rolling it out of
the machine. Of course! In the
very last sentence, a "u" instead
of an "i." "And ut is . . ."

She did a flawless job of ras-
ing, with no smudge. Then she
stared at the corrected "ut is."
A maniac with a magnifying glass
could make out the erased round-
ness of that "u," but nobody else
could.

*Take all the time you need, I'm
a perfectionist.*

Julie retyped the entire piece
again. This time there was nothing
to erase; it was letter-perfect.

As she slid it on to Mrs.
Pryce's desk, she said, "Is it all
right to say I think it's a won-
derful ad?"

"That's the way to talk," Mrs.
Pryce said heartily. "Of course it's
all right. You're the first human
on earth to read that copy, and
if you deadpanned me about it,
my feelings would be hurt." She
began to read the typescript. "It's
like copperplate, Julie," she said.
"That really does add something
intangible. Thanks."

Julie was delighted but said
nothing.

"Now, Julie, here's where your
part starts," Mrs. Pryce went on.
"You're going to keep track of
this ad as if you were tracking a
satellite in orbit. Start a new card
for it, call it by one word, some-
thing like 'Yawn,' say, to code it.
Put down 'Final copy' and the
date, today, when I gave it to you.
Then I'll be seeing Dave Argley,
the art director at the agency, and
you write Layout asked for and
the date.

"When the rough sketches come
in, you'll put that down, and then
finished art, and proofs, and so on
all the way through to the final
OK by Mr. Maclin upstairs, and
the release dates to the list of
publications where it will appear."

Julie took it all down in short-

hand, nodding after each new step.
"It's like keeping a log on each
ad," she said at the end.
"And how useful the log can be
later, in case of any confusion! No
alibis, no passing the buck."

After lunch Mr. Argley came
over and Mrs. Pryce said, "Julie,
you sit in on this, then you'll get
to know this end of it, too." While
the art director was reading, Julie
was impatient; she wanted him to
like the copy, too.

"Great, Kay," the art director
said. "One of the best."

Julie smiled at him, and he
smiled back. "The illustration,"
Mrs. Pryce said, "could be a
youngish guy yawning his head
off. A shot that will make every-
body smother a yawn himself the
minute he sees it."

Over her notebook, Julie glanced
at Dave Argley from time to time.
He was attractive, perhaps forty,
with a lot of grey in his hair.

When the meeting was over,
Julie went to her desk to jot
further entries on her card headed
"Yawn." Rick had a lot of grey in
his hair, too, and he was thirty-
four. She always had liked older
men. Of course, the college crowd
that came to the Circle O —
especially in the past five years
since they had turned it into a ski
resort for the winter — never
produced anything but kids trying
to seem more mature than Cary
Grant, but even in her periods of
working and living in Denver she
had rarely made friends with
people her own age. And here in
New York she hadn't made any
friends at all outside the office.

T

THAT was the one
thing still wrong with her new
life. Anne Gottlieb, in Classified
Ads, the first friend she'd made
so far at "Today," told her right
off that she ought to share an
apartment with another girl, the
way most of the young unmarried
girls on the staff did. Not only
to cut expenses but because it was
the surest way to get to meet
people. To meet men.

But sharing a place was something
Julie wanted to avoid. She
couldn't explain why. She would
rather stay on in her dingy fur-
nished room, even though it was
true that the sinking feeling did
hit pretty hard once in a while
after she fixed her supper and then
saw it was only seven o'clock, and
nothing ahead. Still, she never had
been the casual type, and it was
better to stay lonely until —

Until? Until something.
"Do you have a luncheon
appointment?" Mrs. Pryce asked a
couple of weeks later, detaching a
key from her key-chain as she
spoke. Her fingers on the chain
were tense, and so was her voice.
Julie had never seen her this way.
"Just with one of the girls in
Classified Ads. I can break it."

"Damn it, no, I can break my
own."

Mrs. Pryce dialled a number
rapidly as Julie waited. After a
few moments she slammed down
the phone. "It's Greta's day off,
but I hoped to catch her."

"Can I help?"

Mrs. Pryce didn't answer. She
dialled again. She often got her
own numbers, and Julie liked it
that she did, but this time she

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RIVETS



THIS PERFUME COULD ONLY BE JOHNSON'S

Our powder smells more like
"fresh clean baby" than fresh, clean babies do.

The perfume in Johnson's is made
the same way as the great French perfumes.

It's subtle, and it lasts.

Why don't you share a can of Johnson's
with your baby this week?

You couldn't get a finer, softer talc.

SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

stood by feeling wretched. Some-
how she should be of use, but
Mrs. Pryce wouldn't give her a
chance.

"Mr. Brisset?" Mrs. Pryce
asked the phone. "Oh, no, al-
ready?" Again she hung up to say,
as Julie started again to say.
"Can't I —" Mrs. Pryce
abruptly said, "I'd rather not
discuss it," and walked out of the
office.

In silence Julie returned to her
own desk. This was it; here at
last was the "temperament" she
had intuitively known about all
along. Nobody had ever said it
right out, but, since that first hint
from Miss Leeds about "bad luck
with secretaries," her heart had
been expecting something unrea-
sonable and awful, and now, here
it was.

A minute passed, and another,
and five minutes more. Then
suddenly, behind her, a voice
said, "I'm sorry, Julie, it's inex-
cusable of me."

"Oh, Mrs. Pryce." She jumped
up.

"I was in a tantrum," Mrs.
Pryce said. "It happens once in
a while and I'm so sorry. Would
you really do me a favor and go
up to the apartment right away?

"I left all my income tax vouchers
and receipts and final figures
in a manila envelope — on my
desk, I think — and I do have
this lunch appointment, and then
I have to see my tax man, Mr.
Brisset, at two sharp."

"I'd be glad to go up for it."

"Here's money for taxis — I'll
wait right here till you call back.
But break your own date first."

JULIE was thrilled,
going up to the apartment alone.
She had already put in two working
days up there, and the British
doorman remembered her. "You'll
see your own key soon," he said
now in a Cockney accent. "That's
the usual drill."

It was a five-room corner
duplex — on the seventeenth and
eighteenth floors — but what five
rooms they were, perfectly enchanting.
Mrs. Pryce and her
children had lived there for fifteen
years, and the apartment
looked comfortable and real and
beautiful, with sweeping views of
Central Park and the unbelievable
skyline at Fifty-Ninth Street.

Julie went straight to the desk
in the living-room. The envelope
wasn't there.

She moved aside the date pad,
a red leather telephone book, a
clipboard holding some letters. She
checked all the end tables and
then went into the dining-room,
and even into the kitchen. There
was no envelope to be seen. May-
be it was upstairs.

She hesitated. In Mrs. Pryce's
way of looking at things, it might
seem intrusive of her to go up
where the two bedrooms were. So
far Julie had never once made a
slip about anything personal, and
neither had Mrs. Pryce. It was as
if they each existed in a glass
world that began at nine-thirty and
ended at five. Julie went back to
the desk and called the office.

"Drat it," Mrs. Pryce said. "I
do hope I didn't lose it or leave
it in the cab. Did you look up-
stairs?"

"I didn't like to go up, on my
own."

"Do run up, will you? I'll hang
on."

Julie raced up the carpeted
stairway, past the boys' bedroom,
and into Mrs. Pryce's. There, on
the dressing-table, was the missing
envelope. Julie picked up the bed-
side telephone and said, "I've got
it. It's here."

"Thank heavens," Mrs. Pryce
said. "Getting copies of all that
stuff would kill me off. Now take
your time about getting back here.
Go find a cool drink and some-
thing to eat in the refrigerator,
and have lunch right there."

"Oh, thanks, I won't bother."

"There's a marvellous casserole
left over from last night — I sud-
denly remember. Heat some up,
and have a real lunch. That's an
order. You're not to be starved out

of a proper lunch hour because I
was an idiot."

"Thanks, then, I will." Imagine
a man boss, Julie thought as she
went down to the kitchen, remem-
bering about the casserole in the
refrigerator.

Suddenly she knew what had
been different in the scene at the
office; bad as it was, it was over
in a flash. Mrs. Pryce hadn't once
tried to put any blame on her.
What's more, Mrs. Pryce had
apologised about it, said she was
sorry and called it inexcusable.

Had she ever had a boss, man or
woman boss, who did that? In a
funny way it made Mrs. Pryce
more human, having a "tantrum"
once in a while, and she, Julie,

wasn't going to build it up into
anything important. Not now, not
ever.

In the kitchen, she got the cas-
serole, found a saucier, spooned
out a portion, and set it on the
range.

From somewhere behind her
there was a noise and she stiffened.
Was it in the apartment? It
couldn't be.

She heard it again. A door was
closing, not too far off.

She took a step toward the
swinging door that led to the din-
ing-room. She pushed at it with her
shoulder; as the door opened a
crack she saw only the gleam of

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THE BOYFRIEND



"Now I know why they call it skin diving — I skinned my knee, I skinned my elbow — !"



**More people like Peek Frean's Lattice biscuits
just by themselves.**



**Even if they do make a
delicious topping on a dessert!**

Are we embarrassed.

We've been advertising Lattice biscuits
as the perfect way to top a dessert.
And what have we found?

Most people like them just as they are.
Straight from the pack.

All we can think of is that people like

a delicious sugar-topped,
puff pastry biscuit
that's not too sweet, not too dry.
We'll leave it for you to discover.
But if you ever have any Lattice left over
at dessert time, try it as a topping.
They're great this way, too.



A list of characters in serials and
short stories which appear in
The Australian Women's Weekly
are fictitious and have no reference
to any living person.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

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the dining table. The door to the living-room was closed.

I imagined it, Julie thought. But she eased open the heavy door to the living-room.

Then she saw him.

"Oh," she said, and it was a scream.

He was at the desk, one hand out, reaching. He wheeled around. "Who in hell — who are you?"

His voice changed everything. It wasn't the voice of a thief. It was a deep voice, and it sounded lordly, as if it had every right to challenge her. He was tall with beat-up clothes, but there was something reassuring in that voice.

"Who are you?" he demanded again.

"I'm Mrs. Pryce's secretary. Who are you?"

"I'm Don. Don Pryce, your Mrs. Pryce's elder son."

"You can't be."

"But I am."

"But he's just starting at Harvard Medical," she said. "He's — he's about my kid brother's age, twenty-one or twenty-two."

"My mother!" he said, sounding half-irritated, half-amused. "That phobia of hers, about anything personal at the office. Is that all she said about me — just starting at Harvard Medical?"

Unaccountably Julie flushed; a protectiveness she did not dream existed flared up within her. "Mrs. Pryce told me quite enough," she said stiffly. "We don't believe in —"

"You needn't jump to her defence," Don interrupted. "I happen to like her quite a lot myself. But she didn't tell you 'quite enough,' or you'd have known I'm not your kid brother's age — I'm older than you are, twenty-seven. Look." He bent and pointed to the top of his head where his dark hair was going thin. He was laughing as he straightened, and then he said, "I smell something burning."

"Oh, I forgot —" Automatically she dashed for the kitchen.

"Just in time," he said, following her. "Could I have

SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

some, too? I'm starved." Without waiting for an answer, he took the casserole and added huge dollop to the saucepan. "Look," he said then, "you're still ready to yell for the police. Why don't you call down to the doorman on the housephone — Scotty's known me since I was a kid, and he saw me come in. Then maybe you'll tell me your name?"

"Julie," she said mechanically. "Julia Orr, O double R." She looked at the housephone but didn't touch it. "But you did seem stealthy, reaching for something at the desk —"

"The telephone," he said drily. "And the date pad. Mother doesn't expect me until tomorrow. If she's busy tonight, I'd get me a date. Otherwise, it's family night." "She's not," Julie said. "I synchronise her date pad at

the office every day, so I know."

"No personal stuff, I thought," he said, "but you know every time she goes out?" He began stirring the mixture in the saucepan. "Maybe it could be family night and date night, too. Are you doing anything around nine?"

"I'm busy," she said shortly.

"Nobody would have to know," he said. "I'm against the personal stuff, too."

She looked at him, somehow annoyed. He glanced at her watch, and said, "I don't think I'll eat, after all. I'm due back before two."

He looked at her quizzically and then shrugged. "Unless it's your secretarial duty, don't tell the boss you saw me," he said. "I'll surprise her."

"I'm not supposed to say a word about anything that happens to me, remember?"

"You regard this as something that happened to you? Great."

Kay Pryce thought Julie seemed preoccupied when she brought in the missing envelope, but then the tax consultant was announced, and it was four when he left. "I'm half-dead," Kay Pryce said then. "I'm going home. You can go, too, Julie."

"At four? Honestly?"

"I told you we keep our own hours, so beat it."

In the taxi, Kay Pryce closed her eyes; at home, the evening doorman was just coming on duty, and his energetic greeting underscored her fatigue. It had been a bad day.

AT her own door

upstairs, she rang the bell to give Ken fair warning, and then she sniffed. Don's pipe?

"Look who's home, Mum," Ken shouted at the door. Ken always shouted. Behind him was Don, tall, grubby in his beloved old windbreaker, and wonderful to see. Her spirits lifted.

"I had a sudden chance to ride down with Jerry," Don said, "so I grabbed it."

"Did you just get in?"

"A while ago. I had something to eat and left a mess in the kitchen."

"Can we go to a flick tonight?" Ken asked. "You promised 'when he gets down,' and now he's down."

"We'll see," she said. How

wonderful it was when the three of them had time together as a family.

"That means we will," Ken shouted and raced upstairs to dispatch his homework.

"How's it going?" Don asked lazily.

"I got me a secretary at last, so it's fine." She went to the bar-table and poured herself some white vermouth. "She's maybe one of the finds," she went on. "She's from Colorado and I have a feeling she's had a roughish time with jobs out there, but here she's started off just right. What's new with you?"

He would not tell her past a certain point, but she was content. His grades, his medical schedule that was heavier than any he had visualised when he had made the great decision to go back to studying for four hard years — these he would talk about, and it was enough.

It was rare indeed for Don to talk or write to her about his private life. His longest letter about his inner emotions had come when he was out in Utah a year ago, and it had surprised and saddened her. "Maybe I'm unstable," he had written, "or just temperamentally unsuited for getting married and settling in on life for good. When you've made it alone past twenty-five, I guess you're safe till thirty-five."

Well, she thought now, he'll be close to thirty-five before he can hang out his plate or whatever doctors do when they start to practise, so maybe it's just as well.

The next morning the telephone rang as Julie reached the office, and when she answered a voice said, "Hi, it's Don!"

"Hi," she said, and her heart lifted.

"I know you're still alone, because Mother just left. I wondered if you'd have a cheap dinner with me somewhere tonight."

"Dinner? I — well, gosh, let me see."

"It would be top secret. By the way, I never did

To page 40

At last A wickedly glamorous make-up that is also good for your skin



PURE MAGIC medicated fashion make-up by MAX FACTOR

New Pure Magic is your fashionable everything; the smoothest, smartest kind of coverage and all-day medication that makes every tomorrow clearer. It shelters you with an antiseptic that helps stop bacteria spread, so often the cause of skin problems.

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 68. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Hours, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

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Weet-Bix
Malted Whole Wheat Biscuits



SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

mention your catching me red-handed, trying to steal the phone, and I gather you didn't, either."

"Why didn't you?"

"It could be that I'm secretive, or maybe it slipped my mind. Anyway, say yes about tonight, and where do you live?"

"I have to think a minute," she said. Mrs. Pryce's son, she thought. Oh, no! If only it was somebody else. It would be a mistake, it would be an absolute mistake. I want to keep this job.

"A minute's up," he said, and again that lordly note sounded. "Look, Miss Worry, it's been twelve years by the Gregorian calendar since I told my mother the name of any girl I dated. What's your address?"

She told him. She didn't mean to, but she heard herself doing it.

"And I ring the bell marked Orr, like in 'Or Else.'"

In the receiver his voice was strong, and she liked it. "I haven't decided," she said. "There is sort of a problem to think over for a minute."

"We'll think it over at dinner. Is seven about right?"

Suddenly her voice went businesslike. "I have to hang up now," she said. "Sorry." Automatically she pressed the receiver close to her ear as she spoke. It was conspiratorial. It was the last thing she intended to be, yet somehow she was being it.

"That was a fast taxi your boss got," he said, laughing again. "See you at seven. Right?"

"Right." Still businesslike, she hung up.

Off and on all morning she thought: It is just plain crazy. I'll call at lunchtime and break it. He has a way of putting things, but it's crazy. She suddenly remembered how he looked in the beat-up clothes and heard him say, "Twenty-seven; look," and saw him duck his head to show her the thinning place in his hair. It's not fair, she thought. "Just staring at Harvard Medical" made me think of Wally or any other college kid. I never had a minute to get prepared—

He rang with four short rings, and through the squawk box her voice said, "I'll be down in a minute."

"Can't I come up?"

"It's too—"

The words were lost, but in a moment he heard rapid descending steps on wooden stairs and, when the front door opened, he produced a loud whistle.

Julie loved it. She had worn her best dress. It was cut wide and high across her collarbones so that it hung off the edge of her shoulders, snug to her hips and then flaring a little so she could dance.

"Hello, Don."

"Good looking, too," he said. "The career girl who has everything."

"You look different," she said.

"Shower and shave — I do those, when they're indicated."

She gave him the long stare he was giving her. "On the attractive side, aren't you?"

"That's the way to talk," he said approvingly. He hailed a taxi and told the driver, "Gino's."

"You've done some floundering, too?"

"In a way, I —" She stopped suddenly. Again caution wagged a finger at her, the finger she had ignored all day under the sudden press of work at the office. This time it not only gestured; it commanded.

Watch it! Don't talk too much. He is Mrs. Pryce's son; he still is the one date in New York you shouldn't be dating.

"What's bothering you, Julie?" he asked.

Italian dinner or rather order à la carte.

"I'd love the Italian," she said.

"The Cannelloni," he told the waiter. "Plenty of sauce." Then he turned to Julie. "Should we go for the table wine, or some expensive beer?"

"Beer, please."

After the waiter left, they sat in silence a moment. Then he said, "What's back in Colorado that you ran away from?"

"Meaning exactly?"

"Meaning who's back in Colorado, and what's the deal in general?"

Julie said, "The Circle O Dude Ranch is what's back in Colorado. I grew up on it; it's my father's."

"That place with the ski crowd?"

"Winters, yes. But it still is the same as always in the summer."

"My roommate went there for a whole expensive week. He's the one told me about the seismic testing job. But he never said a word about the proprietor's beautiful daughter."

"Mostly I had a job in Denver, and lived in town except weekends; it's seventy miles to the ranch."

He told her of going to Denver once to visit the family of his field-crew foreman. "He was a real engineer, of course; having me doing seismic tests was a fraud, except that I followed his instructions so they came out right. But it was partly that work that decided me about being a doctor. Something definite, not just words and phrases, like editing or selling, but work you can see the effect of, or the failure of."

"That's why I love housework," Julie said. "When it's cleaned you know it."

He smiled at her. His tone and manner were changed back; whatever had gone wrong when she called his mother brilliant was now right once more. Their food came, and while they ate she could feel him watching her.

"Why did you leave home?" he asked finally. "Just the career?"

"Things snarled up," she said slowly.

"Things like love?"

"Like love," she agreed. She didn't look at him and her voice was uninflected.

"And you still think about it?"

"Only now and then."

"That's par for the course," he said with authority.

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that I'm down to 'now and then' myself."

"Meaning that something snarled up for you, too?"

"Meaning I probably snarled it up. I'm a great little snarler."

For a while they didn't say anything. She wondered whether he had reasons of his own for not telling Mrs. Pryce that they had met, and for calling tonight top secret.

"Funny," she said, without transition. "I always think Mrs. Pryce when I think about your — about my boss. When you say 'my mother,' I have to joggle the hook to get a better connection; then it dawns: 'Oh, Mrs. Pryce.'"

"You're one of her 'finds,' I take it."

"What makes you say that?"

"There's nothing halfway about Mother. She either gets a secretary she can't stand after the second week, or else she 'finds' somebody she approves of and keeps for ever. You're elected."

"Oh, I'm glad."

"It means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

"Really. For lots of reasons."

To page 43

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967



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S193

(Advertisement)

Science Shrinks and Relieves Painful Haemorrhoids without surgery

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves stops itch—even in most stubborn cases—not just temporary relief!

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery. In one case, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of haemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

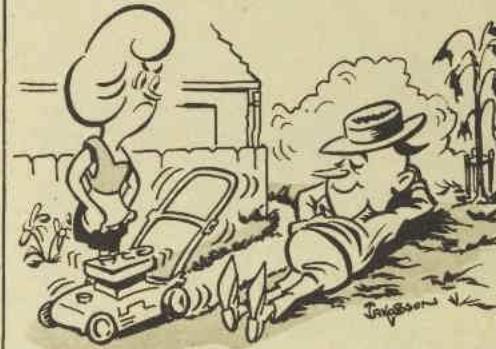
SHE reached for the telephone, but just then a messenger came, with proof, on the next three ads in the campaign. Checking type proof against Mrs. Pryce's copy was entirely her responsibility by now, and so was calling the printer, reading the changes to be made, and then following through when the corrected proofs came in.

She was barely started when the telephone rang and Mrs. Pryce said, "Hello, Roger, yes, it's me," and a moment later, "Yes, of course; you say when." Roger would be Roger Maclin, the president of "Today," and that could mean rush work; it had before.

"Julie, you'll have to drop that for a while," Mrs. Pryce said at the end of the call. "I'll be going up with the next three ads in the morning. Would you get the comps stat, and also check things out?"

"'Comps' were comprehensive paste-ups of the ads, and 'stat'd' meant photocopied. Julie put aside all her other work and set to on the rush assignment. By now she no longer thought her boss didn't do a thing. Or that being her secretary was the cinchiest job in the world. She knew she could keep up, though, and that even when the cranky times came it was worth it. As for private thoughts about tonight — in this rush, they were out.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"That running motor didn't fool me for a minute."

As they started off, he asked, "Do you know about Gino's, over on Third? I decided you'd like it—stranger in the big city."

"I'm glad you decided," she said, and meant it.

There was a competence about him, an easy command of the situation, and, as he got them established in a corner booth in Gino's, she felt again that he was anything but the young medical student. While he ordered their drinks, she looked at him with growing curiosity.

"Well, all right," he finally said. "What's the problem?"

"How do you get to be a first-year medical student at the advanced age of twenty-seven?"

"It's not delayed adolescence," he assured her. "I got out of Cornell at a good normal twenty-two, and then put in my two unwilling years in the armed services."

"It sounds lucky, and that's a fact."

He said the last phrase just the way Mrs. Pryce said it; up till now, there had been no coloration of personality at all that reminded her of Kay Pryce. Quite the opposite; in the taxi she had thought, the way he's in command all the time shows that he's never been dominated by her or anybody.

"An interesting job is lucky," he said. "And Mother isn't dull, that I've heard for. You can call her lots of things, but never dull."

"She's just brilliant. Personnel says she's one of the top promotion people in the entire country."

"So I hear," he said laconically, and signalled for the waiter.

Julie's heart sank. She had said the wrong thing. Did he resent having a successful mother? A man might resent having a successful wife, but did it work out to the next generation? She had never even thought of that before, but it was clear she had said the wrong thing as far as Don Pryce was concerned.

"Where, in the West?"

"Mostly Utah, Wyoming, your home State around Shiprock, and down to Arizona.

It was the first time he had called her by name. "Just thinking about your question," she said. "I'm not one of the floundering ones, no, I'm not. Certainly not for the next couple of years."

"Big career in big city?"

"Having an interesting job, as secretary to somebody interesting, in an interesting job — I feel pretty lucky."

"It sounds lucky, and that's a fact."

He said the last phrase just the way Mrs. Pryce said it; up till now, there had been no coloration of personality at all that reminded her of Kay Pryce. Quite the opposite; in the taxi she had thought, the way he's in command all the time shows that he's never been dominated by her or anybody.

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"Where, in the West?"

"Mostly Utah, Wyoming, your home State around Shiprock, and down to Arizona.

She could hear his wrongness in his cool voice asking whether she'd take the



Of course he's the only one smiling. He's the only one drinking Schweppes.



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No they don't. Even on a big family-size bottle, the most you'll pay extra is a few cents.

And you'll know your kids are getting the best, because Schweppes don't know how to make things any other way.

Give them all the advantages. (Including Schweppes).



Happiness is a Schweppes label on whatever the kids drink.



Schweppes

If they can pronounce Schweppes, they deserve it.

"What's she like in the office? I've never seen her as 'the boss' remember."

"So far, she's just wonderful." Nothing would make her mention the tantrum.

"She's mostly at home, too," he said. "We have the standard number of rows, but, by and large, we're OK."

It hung between them for a moment.

"But I don't think we ought to talk about your boss too much," he said. "Let's set up some ground rules for set up. No boss, no mother, nothing but us."

"Lovely ground rules," Julie said softly. They talked on for a long time and then he said, "What's up at your unshared apartment? Any records? Dirty etchings?"

She looked at him and then away. "It's impossible," she said.

"I know it." He rose and pulled her chair back.

"I'll take you home now, but I'll pick you up for dinner at seven o'clock tomorrow night."

AT the end of their date the next night, Don said, "What's up at your solitary apartment? Any records? Dirty etchings?"

"It's impossible," she said again.

"I know it."

On the third night, he seemed to put off the moment when they would part. Instead he got her talking about herself and what she felt, what job she had liked, why she had left.

Somehow, with him, she couldn't go vague about "length of employment" or anything else, and despite the finger of caution that continued to wag she heard herself telling him about work-

ing for Willis Perkins and the whole miserable tale of her other jobs, and of her periodic retreats from the sense of failure back to the safety of her father's employ at the Circle O.

"So I'm not a career girl at all," she ended, looking at him defiantly. "Something always managed to go wrong." He was smiling, and looking unbelieving; the need to convince him welled up in her. "Some career girl! Fired again and again — having the gall to apply for the best job in New York."

To her astonishment, he suddenly rocked with laughter.

SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

But I'm not being really honest, Julie thought once, or I'd tell him right out that I won't, not ever again until I'm married. Even when you're engaged, with a ring on your finger and the announcement in the papers, something tells you to wait; but this way? Without even being engaged, and with somebody as sure of himself as Don Pryce, wedded to a career of medicine, all set for three more years at Harvard — I

talked learnedly about "par for the course," like the big old expert on broken love affairs — why shouldn't she take you for the gay Lothario of Boston and New York? She's no casual girl ready for a nice casual affair.

And basically he had no business getting involved, either. He couldn't possibly think of marriage for several years, and what girl would be interested in his present kind of deal? Not Julie Orr. He

etchings?" Again she said, "It's impossible," and again he said, "I know it," but outside on the kerb he did not hail a cab.

"Let's walk for a while," he said instead, and took her hand in his.

"I can never face her," Julie said.

"I expect one bad sixty seconds myself," he said. "But the second sixty will be back to normal. You'll see."

"Oh, Don, why did it have to be you?"

She didn't smile and he was ashamed of his flip tone. It had happened at last; and now it was seven o'clock in the morning, and at half past nine Julie would be facing his mother in the office and she was terrified.

During the night, when they talked, it was on a new level; gone were the wisecracks and surface summaries. He found himself telling of his own uncertainties, not only about work but about love as well. "I'd rather be an inveterate bachelor," he finally said, "than marry five or six times by the time I died, the way my father did."

"Five or six?" Julie asked, dismayed.

"The eternal romantic," he said. "I never knew him well, and my kid brother never did know him in our own house at all. Father had four other children in his various incarnations, so Kenny and I have lots of half-siblings around. But Mother says he was an all-right guy apart from the pause came."

"You've been away, too," she said softly. "Welcome home, too."

Suddenly he heard himself reply, "What's at home, anyway? Any records? Any

And Julie's conscience appealed to him, too. "You mustn't tell me things like the five or six marriages," she said. "Your — my boss doesn't want me to know personal things about her life."

"But it's my life, too, and you're part of it now, Julie."

Now there was nothing the same, no going back, no use for regret or the futile emotions that held no dignity and no reality.

But he could see tension rising in Julie as the hour neared for going to the office. He wasn't surprised when she asked whether "the family would know he had been out all night," and was glad he could reassure her on that score. "Ken and I always sleep till noon on vacations; Mother's never seen our door anything but shut by the time she takes off. And Ken would never say anything."

A moment later he added, "What I hate now is your having to take this on by yourself while I'm skulking off somewhere."

"You can't help that, Don." She smiled at him as he took her hand. Never before had she believed in falling in love so quickly. Never before had she felt so glorious. This was a leap of recognition between herself and Don, a sudden understanding for her of how different it could be. And for Don, too. She could tell she knew how it had been for him, too.

Somewhere outside a clock struck the hour and she jumped up. "Oh, Don," she said in a tight voice. "Why did she have to have a son I fell in love with the first minute —?" She shook her head violently. "That's not it, either. I don't know what I mean, but I've got to go now, and I wish I didn't have to face her!"

To be concluded

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



Maybe he thinks it's some sort of joke on his mother, Julie thought, remembering their first date when she had talked of Mrs. Pryce's brilliance.

"You're quite a girl," Don said at last. "Not to give in. I'm glad you gave me the lowdown."

The rest of the evening went on wings; there was a new closeness, an unspoken pledge of honesty between them, as if they both recognised that they were already beyond artifice and mere flirtation, and at times they fell into silences, simply gazing at each other.

ought to get right straight out of this restaurant and never even see him again.

"What's wrong?" Don asked. "All of a sudden, you're ten miles away."

She smiled and he said, "OK then, welcome back." But he was troubled; she had looked meditative, questioning, perhaps even faintly distrustful. He bridled a little; people didn't go around distrusting Don Pryce, and he didn't propose to let them start.

And why shouldn't she? he thought instantly. You told her you were a great little snarler, didn't you? You

knew that. He looked at her in a sudden protectiveness.

She had been looking at him all along, he realised. He liked the way they could sit without talking and not feel constraint. He liked the grave look on her face, absorbed, all attentive. She didn't fuss with mirror and lipstick and compact, as girls so often did in restaurants the moment a pause came.

"You've been away, too," she said softly. "Welcome home, too."

Suddenly he heard himself reply, "What's at home, anyway? Any records? Any

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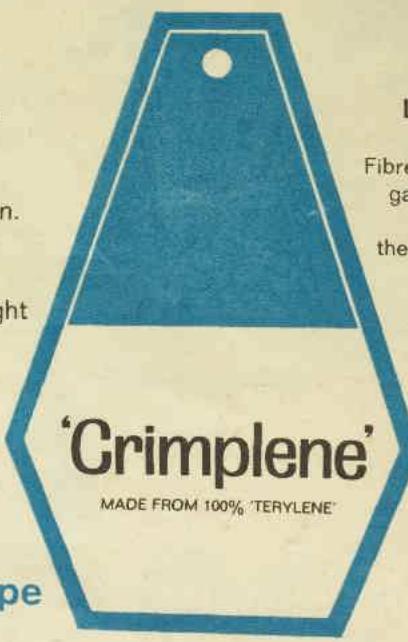
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95 Collins Street, Melbourne
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2073

SLATE-PAVED garden court at rear of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Ross Fenner's South Yarra, Melbourne, home provides built-in view for kitchen (left) and sitting-room (right) through floor-to-ceiling-height sliding glass doors.

HOUSE
of the
WEEK

Photographs
by
Les Gorrie

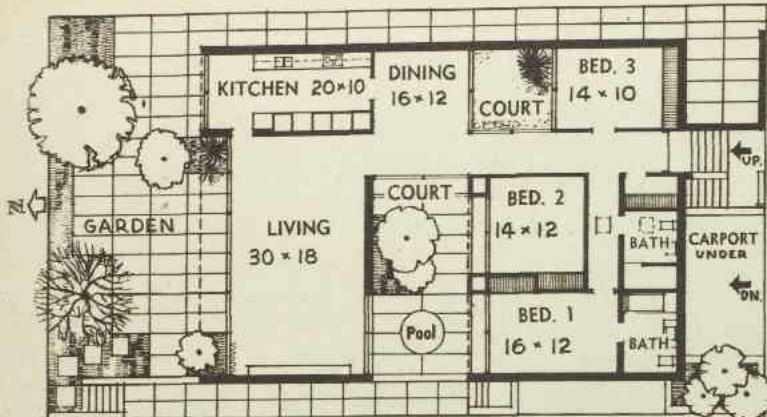
TWO VIEWS (below) of 30ft.-long sitting-room, which opens through sliding glass doors to two courtyards. Light panels are let into limed hardwood ceiling which has $\frac{1}{16}$ in. spacing between boards for decoration and the absorption of sound.



This house looks in — not out

• Mr. and Mrs. Clive Ross Fenner wanted a single-storey town house with a view, but there was nothing much they could look out on in their part of the Melbourne suburb of South Yarra, so they decided to look in. Every room in their modern home, designed by architect Neil Clerehan, has sliding doors leading on to a courtyard. One courtyard has a delightful pool and a miniature fountain, another a Japanese rock garden. Their back "garden" is a larger rectangular courtyard paved in slate, bordered by camellias, azaleas, a flowering almond, and citrus trees.

Continued overleaf



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RECIPE: 1 rounded tsp. Nescafé, 1½ lev. tsp. sugar, 1 cup milk—icy cold, ice cubes.
METHOD: Blend together Nescafé, sugar and a little milk. Gradually add remainder of milk. Add ice cubes. A deliciously creamy iced coffee can be made by replacing the fresh milk with ½ cup of Nestlé's "Evaporated" Milk, ½ cup icy cold water, and one drop of vanilla.

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FRONT entrance to Mr. and Mrs. Clive Ross Fenner's house in South Yarra, Vic. There are no windows in the cement brick walls facing the street and fronting bed- and bathrooms. Entrance to garage is on lower level at left.

HOUSE of the WEEK continued...

IN the courtyards of their South Yarra, Melbourne, home Mr. and Mrs. Clive Ross Fenner have planted only spring, autumn, and winter plants because they spend the summer months in their beach-house at Portsea.

And the courtyards are as much garden as they want to manage.

"This area is ideal for us," said Mr. Fenner. "We didn't want too much garden to look after or lawns to mow, yet we still wanted the pleasure of watching things grow."

All the floor-to-ceiling windows face the courtyards. None faces the road or the sides of the house.

Lighting

Extra daylight from roof domes lights room areas and hallways which would otherwise be dark, and there is fluorescent strip lighting along the curtains in several rooms.

Light panels flush with the ceiling are strategically placed. "We wanted the house to be light, airy, and spacious," said Mrs. Fenner. "A house for living in."

She asked the architect to place the kitchen close to the sitting and dining-rooms.

"I like to chat to my husband while I'm preparing a meal and I don't want to walk miles when I'm giving a dinner party."

In the kitchen a wall-oven and refrigerator are built into one wall, dish-washer, clothes-washer, electric hotplates, and double sink with garbage disposal unit in the one opposite, and there are built-in cupboards on both walls. Benches are topped with mocha-colored laminate which blends with the mottled neutral tones of the vinyl flooring.

All drawers in the kitchen are on ball-bearings.

"I keep my saucers in deep drawers," said Mrs. Fenner, "and with these smoothly sliding ones I can get them out easily."

Exterior and interior walls of the house are of cement brick.



KITCHEN faces rear courtyard, has wall-oven and refrigerator built into storage wall on one side with dishwasher, clothes-washer, hot-plates, and double sink opposite. Dome in the ceiling provides some extra daylight.

but limed hardwood is used for all woodwork as well as for built-in wardrobes, bookshelves, kitchen benches, and cupboards. This gives a beautifully harmonious effect which Mrs. Fenner has enhanced by choosing donkey-brown wall-to-wall carpet for every room, including the two bathrooms.

Ceilings are also limed hardwood with 1in. spacing between the boards for decoration and to absorb sound.

The 30ft. long sitting-room opens on to the back courtyard on one side and, on the other, to a smaller courtyard with a pool and fountain.

A round Danish coffee table with a teak frame and reversible top—black on one side, red on the other—is one of Mrs. Fenner's cherished possessions.

"It is so portable with its tiny wheels, and the top, covered with Danish treated linoleum, is marvelous if anything is spilled," she said.

Hidden spotlights are a feature of the dining-room, one over the centre of the circular mahogany table, the other over a carving table in one corner.

At night, the courtyards along two sides of the dining-room can be illuminated to provide a charming background.

Bathroom comfort

Courtyards also adjoin the three bedrooms, two of which have individual white-tiled bathrooms with heated towel rails. The shower recess in Mr. Fenner's bathroom has a built-in "arm" on which to hang drip-dry shirts.

Mrs. Fenner laughed as she pointed out the old-fashioned scales in her bathroom.

"My husband is always telling me to get rid of them, but I feel they are just getting old enough to be interesting."

Close to the front door is a handy delivery hatch where milk, letters, and even large parcels can be left, and collected from inside the house. A spacious walk-in closet forms a cloakroom at one side of the entrance hall.

Built on a sub-division of the old Kilbride estate, the house comprises 184 squares on the upper level, with an additional 71 squares on the lower level. The garage is on the lower level, also the air-conditioning and central heating plant and a large storage area.

— BEVERLEY COOPER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

FURNITURE in Mrs. Fenner's bedroom (right) is hand-carved, Flemish, and dates from 18th century. Bedspread is hand-knitted cotton, Thai silk curtains are silicone-lined against heat and cold with black sateen interlining for protection from bright light of summer dawns.





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Band of the Irish Guards



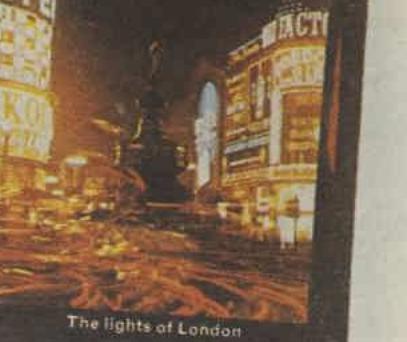
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All at Sea



The lights of London

The Barkers brought these pictures back from Britain — The Barkers live in Sydney. They say: "We had no idea just how many different things there were to do. And a holiday in Britain is so economical — a comfortable bed and breakfast in an inn for as little as \$3.50. You can hire a car for about \$40 a week."

Time you visited Britain — sail P & O, Shaw Savill, Sitmar Line.

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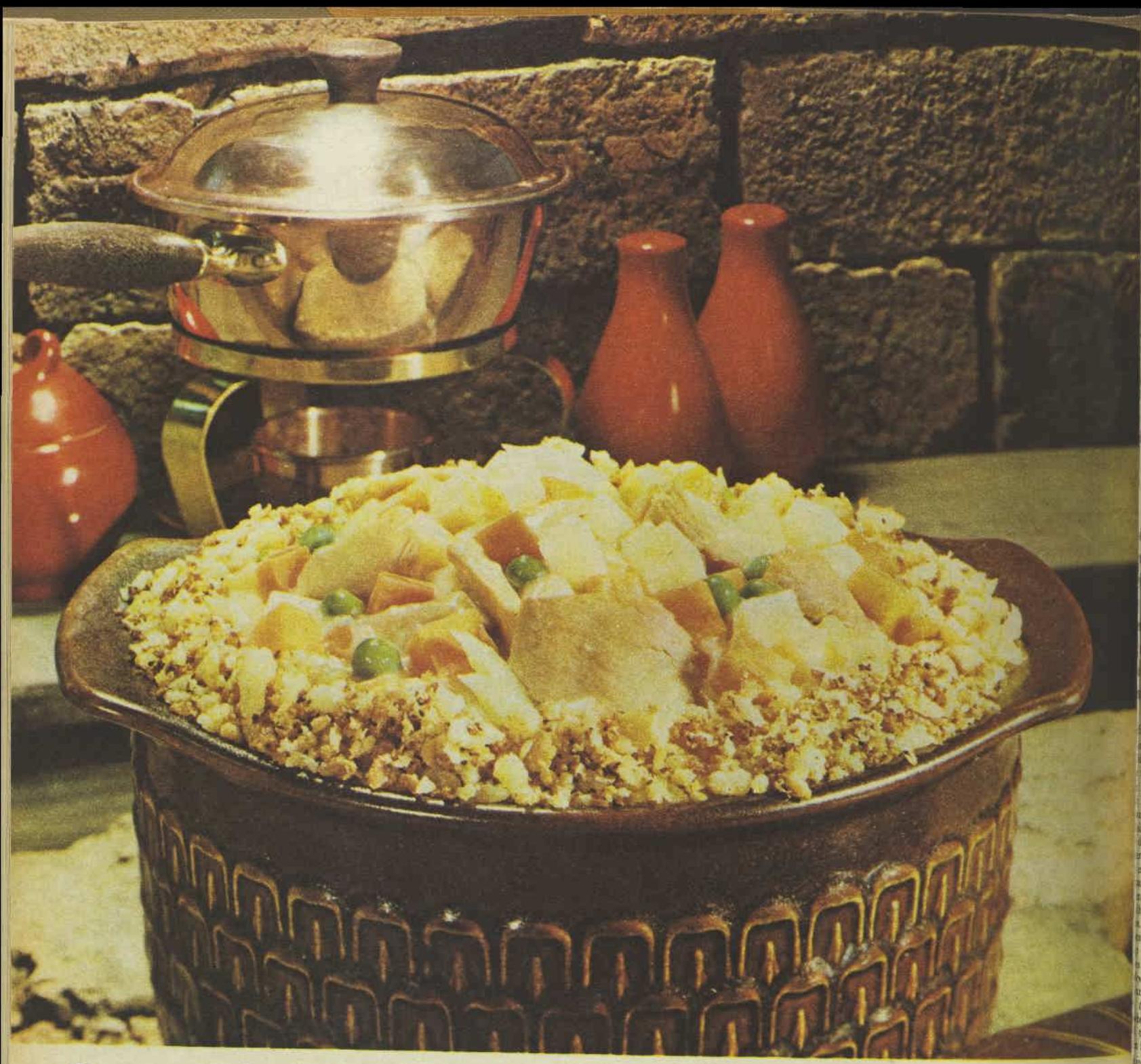
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QUICK CHEESE 'N TUNA BAKE:

Ingredients: 2 cups cooked mixed vegetables; 15 oz. can GREENSEAS chunk style Tuna, drained; 16 oz. can cream of chicken soup; 2 tablespoons milk; 4 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; pinch freshly ground black pepper; ½ cup buttered breadcrumbs.

Method: Arrange mixed vegetables and GREENSEAS Tuna in a greased casserole. Heat the chicken soup together with the milk, shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, and freshly ground black pepper. Stir until cheese melts. Pour over the vegetables and Tuna and mix lightly. Sprinkle the buttered breadcrumbs around the edge of the casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F Gas, 375°F Electric) for 25 to 30 minutes. 5 servings. *All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.*

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

*Trade Mark

Page 48



Your family needs these protein and energy foods:

KRAFT Cheddar Cheese is rich in Protein, and Calcium because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. GREENSEAS Tuna is caught in deep green seas, then cooked and canned straight away to keep the flavour captive. It is packed with protein — good for you as prime meat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

HOME-MADE SAUSAGES

These are the recipes our grandmothers enjoyed—spicy, homemade sausages with good, old-fashioned flavor. And we've added recipes for some of the popular Continental sausages, too.

SAUSAGE skins can be obtained from most butchers; soak them in cold water 5 to 10 minutes before using.

Fill meat into skin with a piping bag until desired length of sausage is obtained, then twist skin; continue in this way until desired number of sausages are filled. Allow a little room in each sausage for meat to expand during cooking.

When all sausages are filled, tie with cotton at each twisted division. Do not cut between divisions at this stage.

Drop the whole string of sausages into hot water, simmer for a few minutes. This will firm the mixture and the sausages will retain their shape within the skins when fried or grilled. Prick several times. They can be cut between twists before cooking.

If skins are unobtainable, most of the mixtures in this feature can be rolled into sausage shapes and grilled or fried, as the recipe suggests.

OLD ENGLISH PORK SAUSAGES

1lb. pork
1lb. veal
1lb. pork fat
2 teaspoons salt
teaspoon white pepper
teaspoon mace
teaspoon coriander
teaspoon nutmeg
teaspoon monosodium glutamate
1/2 teaspoon ginger
pinch cayenne
1/2 cups stock (use stock cube)
5oz. packaged breadcrumbs (or breadcrumbs made by drying bread thoroughly in slow oven, then crumbing)
sausage skins

Mince pork, veal, and pork fat. Place in large bowl with salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate and spices, add stock and breadcrumbs, mix thoroughly. Fill mixture into sausage casings, twisting after each sausage. Simmer sausages in hot water a few minutes, drain thoroughly. Brown well in hot oil or butter. If shaping sausages without



skins, omit the simmering; roll in seasoned flour, fry until brown, crisp, and thoroughly cooked.)

EASY SAVORY SAUSAGES

4 to 6 tablespoons white breadcrumbs
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon thyme
3 tablespoons hot water
1oz. butter
8oz. canned or left-over meat, minced
8oz. garlic sausage, minced
salt and pepper
beaten egg
flour
breadcrumbs for coating

Mix white breadcrumbs, water, and butter. Add minced meats and seasonings, mix well. Form into sausage shapes. Roll in flour, beaten egg, and extra breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil or fat until brown.

DANISH APPLE SAUSAGES

1lb. sausage meat
salt and pepper
1oz. butter
1/2 large finely chopped apple
1/4 cup finely chopped onion
1 clove crushed garlic
1-3rd cup dry white wine
1 well-beaten egg
1-3rd cup soft breadcrumbs
1/4 cup cream

Place butter in saucepan. Sauté apple, onion, and garlic until onion is transparent. Add white

wine and cook until it almost evaporates. Mix sausage meat, egg, breadcrumbs, cream, and apple mixture in mixing bowl until thoroughly blended. Season with salt and pepper. Cool. Form into sausage shapes with wet hands. Fry in hot oil until brown, crisp, and well cooked.

ITALIAN SAUSAGES

1lb. lean pork
1/2lb. belly pork
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon dill or fennel
1 crushed clove garlic
1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
pinch chilli powder
sausage skins

Mince pork meats. Combine all ingredients; fill into sausage skins. Boil in salted water 10 minutes, cool. Grill or fry in oil or butter until well browned.

BOEREWORST (Boer Sausages)

1lb. minced steak
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1lb. minced pork fat
1/2 teaspoon crushed coriander seeds
salt and pepper
1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
1 crushed clove garlic
sausage skins

Combine all ingredients, except sausage skins, mix well. Fill mixture into sausage skins. Fry or grill until cooked through.

GREEK SAUSAGES WITH TOMATO SAUCE

1lb. sausage meat
1lb. minced steak
1 cup fresh breadcrumbs
1 crushed clove garlic
1 small chopped onion
1/2 teaspoon ground cumin oil for frying

TOMATO SAUCE

1oz. butter
1/2 chopped onion
1 medium can tomatoes
1 teaspoon sage
1-3rd cup tomato paste
2 cups water
salt and pepper
pinch ground cinnamon
1 crushed clove garlic

Combine meats with breadcrumbs and other ingredients, form into rolls about 5in. in length. Pour sufficient oil into frying pan to coat base. Fry the sausages in hot oil until brown, turning from time to time. Remove and keep warm.

Tomato Sauce: Heat butter in saucepan, add onion, cook over gentle heat until transparent. Add remaining ingredients, simmer 15 minutes. Add sausages, simmer 10 minutes.

ABERDEEN SAUSAGE

1lb. minced steak
1 cup soft breadcrumbs
1lb. minced bacon pieces
2 eggs
2 teaspoons mixed spice
1 small onion
salt and pepper to taste
browned breadcrumbs for coating

HERBS, SPICES, and other subtle seasonings add good, old-fashioned flavor to sausages you can make at home, like the Old English Pork Sausages shown above.

Mix all ingredients together thoroughly, form into roll shape. Place in pudding cloth, tie ends securely; simmer in boiling water 3 hours. When cold, turn out and roll in browned breadcrumbs, coating well.

CREOLE PORK SAUSAGES

2lb. minced pork
2 small finely chopped onions
1 crushed clove garlic
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon black pepper
good pinch chilli powder
1/2 teaspoon paprika
pinch cayenne
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
1/2 teaspoon allspice

Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly. Add more salt and pepper to taste if required. Fill into sausage skins or form into sausage shapes; fry in hot oil until crisp, brown, and cooked through.

HOME-MADE LIVERWURST

2lb. smoked or fresh pork
1lb. calf's liver
1lb. onions
salt and pepper
1/2 oz. marjoram

Put pork and liver into separate saucepans, cover with cold water. Bring to boil, skim well, then cover and simmer gently until cooked; allow approx. 10 minutes for liver, approx. 30 minutes for pork. Cool. Mince pork and liver with onions. Add pepper.

Continued overleaf

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RECIPES from our LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

HOME-MADE SAUSAGES . . . continued

and salt to taste; add marjoram, mixing in thoroughly. Place in small heat-proof containers, cover with greased greaseproof paper; steam 30 minutes.

Slightly drier in texture than the commercial variety, this good-tasting liverwurst makes an ideal sandwich spread; or use it, mixed with a little finely chopped onion, to top savory biscuits.

EPPING SAUSAGES

1lb. pork
1lb. suet
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of sage
thyme
marjoram
nutmeg
grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 egg
salt and pepper
egg and breadcrumbs for coating
seasoned flour

Mince pork and suet, add seasonings, lemon rind, and herbs; mix together with beaten egg. Form into sausage shapes, roll in seasoned flour, egg, and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil until crisp and well cooked.

VEGETARIAN SAUSAGES

1 cup rolled oats
2 pint water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 onion
1 teaspoon mixed herbs
1 teaspoon salt
black pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
3 tablespoons tomato sauce
1 egg
3 cups white breadcrumbs
1 beaten egg for coating
seasoned flour
extra breadcrumbs

Bring water and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt to boil, stir in rolled oats, simmer until cooked, approximately 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Pour oatmeal mixture over finely chopped onion, herbs, salt, pepper, and tomato sauce. Add well-beaten egg and breadcrumbs to form stiff dough; form mixture into sausage shapes. Roll in flour, then beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Fry until crisp and golden brown.

OXFORD SAUSAGES

1lb. lean pork
1lb. lean veal
1lb. suet
4 cups fresh breadcrumbs
grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage
1 teaspoon black pepper
2 teaspoons salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon marjoram
2 beaten eggs
oil for frying

Combine meats and suet and mince finely. Combine with remaining ingredients, except oil, binding with beaten eggs. Using wet hands, form into sausage shapes. Fry in hot oil until cooked through.

CREOLE SAUSAGES

3lb. lean pork
4 slices bread $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick
4 medium onions
3 cloves garlic
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons salt
1 teaspoon black pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground coriander
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground allspice

Cut pork into cubes. Cover bread with cold water, stand 15 minutes. Squeeze gently to remove excess water. Combine pork, bread, peeled onions, and garlic and put through mincer twice. Combine remaining ingredients, add to minced mixture and mix until thoroughly blended. Form into sausage shapes. Fry until golden and cooked through.

SWEDISH PORK SAUSAGES

1lb. lean pork
1lb. lean beef or veal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt pork
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. potatoes
1 pint cold, boiled milk
1 tablespoon sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons salt
1 dessertspoon pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
boiling, salted water
sausage casings

Peel potatoes, cook in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain, push through sieve. Combine meats, mince 3 times — this grinds meat almost to a paste.

Place minced meats with remaining ingredients, except sausage casings, in large bowl and, using hands, work together until very well blended and mixture thickens. Refrigerate overnight. Fill into sausage skins, forming links of desired length. Grill or fry, as desired.

BREAKFAST SAUSAGE

2lb. lean pork
1lb. belly pork
 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons salt
1 teaspoon black pepper
good pinch cayenne
1 teaspoon sage
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme

Mince the two porks. Combine remaining ingredients, add to pork. Mix well. Form into sausage shapes, using wet hands. Fry until well cooked through.

TOMATO CONCASSE

• To give the entire meal a truly home-cooked taste, make this colorful vegetable accompaniment to enhance the savory flavor of any sausage recipes in this feature.

1lb. tomatoes
2 shallots or 1 small onion
1 clove garlic
butter
salt, pepper

Plunge tomatoes into boiling water; remove and skin, seed and chop.

Cut shallots or onion finely. Sauté in little hot butter until softened, but not browned. Add tomatoes, garlic, salt and pepper to taste.

Simmer gently, pressing mixture with fork occasionally. Serve hot.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes in this feature.



Bite into this!



The big beefy taste of juicy beefburgers

GOLDEN RAISIN PUDDING

1½ cups self-raising flour	1 tablespoon golden syrup
1 dessertspoon butter or substitute	1 tablespoon butter or substitute
2 tablespoons boiling water	1 cup boiling water
1 cup milk	½ cup chopped raisins
1 cup sugar	

Rub butter into self-raising flour. Add boiling water, raisins, and milk. Mix well. Turn mixture into ungreased pudding basin. Mix together sugar, golden syrup, 1 tablespoon butter, and 1 cup boiling

Prize for steamed pudding

● An unusual steamed pudding which makes its own delicious sauce wins the \$10 prize in our weekly readers' recipe contest. Consolation prize of \$2 is awarded for a well-flavored family-style Chilli Hotpot.

water. Pour this over pudding mixture. Stand basin, uncovered, in boiling water and cook for approximately 30 minutes. This pudding makes its own sauce.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. A. Castle, 35 York Road, Port Pirie, S.A.

CHILLI HOTPOT

1 tablespoon oil	1lb. can red kidney beans
2 onions	1lb. minced beef
1 clove garlic	1 green pepper
	2 tablespoons tomato puree

1 packet tomato soup	salt
½ pint water	¼ teaspoon chilli powder (or to taste)

Slice onions, garlic, pepper. Drain kidney beans. Heat oil and sauté onions, garlic, and pepper a few minutes. Add beef and cook until well browned. Add tomato soup, puree, and water, season to taste. Bring to boil, add chilli powder, simmer 15 minutes. Add kidney beans, cook further 15 minutes. Correct seasoning. Serve with boiled rice or noodles.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. L. Radford, Stowport, Tas.

HOME HINTS

● Practical household hints contributed by our readers win \$2 each.

KEEP children's lunches cool in hot weather by filling plastic flasks with cordial, freezing overnight and placing in lunch boxes next day. The drink will be thawed yet deliciously cool by lunchtime. Use in place of a cooler brick in foam lunch boxes to save space. — Mrs. A. Renfrey, 85 Clairville Rd., Campbelltown, S.A.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
A practical way to amuse your canary is to place a piece of ice in his drinking glass. The water will keep cool and fresh and the canary will enjoy himself playing with the ice. — Miss S. Zachariadou, 22 Bond St., Clayton, Vic.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Keep a bundle of pipe cleaners in the kitchen — they are invaluable for all sorts of jobs. Use them to clean awkward corners in vases and dishes, round bends in teapot spouts, and for narrow necks of bottles. They can also be used as spills to light the gas. — Mrs. L. Logan, 51 Cross St., New Town, Tas.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Make a useful pill container for your handbag from an empty lipstick case, carefully lined with a paper tissue. — K. Cromarty, 560 Buckhorn St., Lavington, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
To keep silver cutlery bright and shining, after washing-up, dry with a teatowel which has been treated in the following manner: Mix thoroughly one level tablespoon of English whiting (obtainable from hardware stores) in half a pint of water. Immerse teatowel in this and then hang out to dry. Keep this towel only for drying the silver, and when dirty, wash and treat again. — Mrs. D. M. Owen, 22 Yarran St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Children's colorful deflatable beach balls are so light they are inclined to blow away — weight them by putting in a little water before blowing them up. — Mrs. A. Menheere, 8 Holman St., Breakwater, Geelong, Vic.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
To remove bad rust marks on silk or cotton garments, put one teaspoon of cream of tartar to one pint of boiling water in a saucepan, and while the mixture is gently boiling dip in the rusty part of the material and rub gently between fingers. Repeat dipping and rubbing several times and the rust will disappear. — Mrs. L. Gesch, 8 Palm St., Nambour, Qld.



Slice into this!

new Birds Eye beefburgers





NOVELTY PATCHWORK

● Make these colorful patches to while away the time when you are travelling by train, watching TV, or whenever you have a few idle moments. You can turn them into a wide variety of attractive gifts.

PRAM COVER (left) is made of pink and white rosette-style patches for a baby girl.

THESE rosette-style patches are easy to make from a plentiful supply of gaily-colored material scraps, matching thread, and fabric for backing.

All patches for any one item should be the same size for easy joining and fitting to the backing.

To ensure that patches are of even size, cut a cardboard circle of required diameter and

use this as a pattern guide when cutting out.

Patch sizes can be varied to suit the finished article—small rosettes for shoe bags, potholders, pyjama cases, aprons, and cot covers, bigger ones for single and double bedcovers.

Below are directions for making the pram cover shown at left above and the cot cover shown below.

PRAM COVER

Materials: 2yds. white seersucker, 1yd. pink seersucker (or any suitable scraps of washing cotton); matching thread.

TO MAKE

Backing: From white seersucker cut a rectangle measuring 19in. by 24in.—this includes 1in. hem allowance.

Rosettes: From pink seersucker and remainder of white cut 70 circles 5½in. in diameter—35 in each color. Turn under and press ½in. all the way round each circle. With wrong side facing, sew round edge with small tacking stitches, using doubled thread. Gather circle in tightly, fasten off firmly, and press flat.

When 70 rosettes are completed, arrange in 7 rows of 10 in alternate colors. With gathered side up, oversew flattened circles firmly tog. with doubled thread where edges touch. Pin to backing rectangle leaving 1in. hem allowance free.

Hem backing, catching outside row of circles at the same time to save sewing each circle to backing separately.

COT COVER

Measure size of cot. Buy amount of material required for backing. Make enough rosettes (as for pram cover), from 4½in. diameter circles, to cover backing, leaving 1in. hem allowance free all round.

Stitch rosettes firmly together with doubled thread and attach to backing when hemming. Catch-sew rosettes to backing at scattered intervals.



It's a dirty world

Your children play in a dirty world. Mum, it's up to you to protect every little cut and scratch against dirt and germs. So don't take chances with infection; protect every little hurt with the best protecting bandage in the world.

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COT COVER (above) can be made while watching TV.



CLOSE-UP (above) of rosette-style patch used for cot cover.

Summer flowering bulbs

• They fill the gap in the gardener's flower calendar.

By ALLAN SEALE

SUMMER flowering bulbs are hardy and bring color and interest to the garden when other flowers are scarce. Lifted with care, they can be planted at any time, but the best times are indicated here.

Hippeastrums bloom as the spring flowers are finishing. Agapanthus and tritomas (kniphofia or "pokers") commence flowering by Christmas in many districts.

Flowers from belladonnas, brunsvigias, nerines, and other amaryllis follow through from midsummer to autumn.

Flowering bulbs need periods of dryness and sometimes heat to mature the bulbs for flowering.

Unlike spring flowering bulbs, most need to be planted shallow with their necks protruding from the soil.

Agapanthus. One of the few evergreen bulbs, and hardy in all but very cold climates. Their vigorous spreading surface root system allows them to survive under large trees where root competition is too heavy for other plants.

Once established, they flower freely in full sun or shade provided the latter is not too dense. The impressive heads of blue or white flowers are displayed from November to February.

They may be planted out at any time, then left to form large clumps.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 86

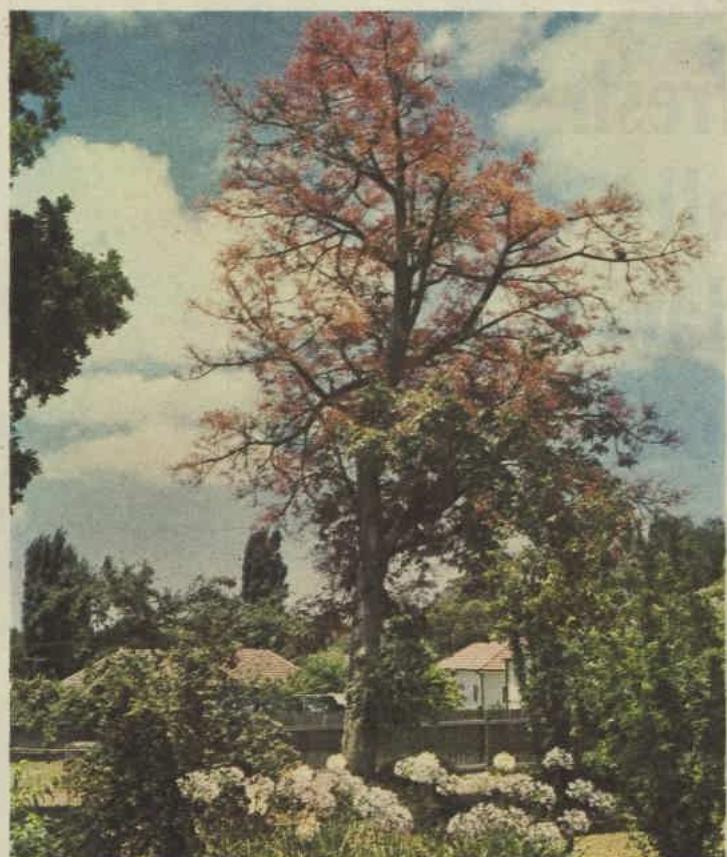


• *Amaryllis belladonna* can be naturalised in drifts under trees.

Amaryllis belladonna. These are better known as belladonna lilies, or "naked ladies." The beautiful pink flower heads emerge on leafless, fleshy stems after the foliage has died down.

Belladonnas are replanted during their dormant period, from late November to April, either just before or after flowering. The neck of the bulbs is left protruding slightly above the soil. Leave undisturbed to multiply for several years, as they flower best in clumps.

They are hardy and adaptable in all but the coldest districts, but do best in well-drained, rather poor soil with fairly hot, dry summer conditions.



• *Agapanthus* bloom in profusion under a flame tree in Mrs. V. M. Pierre's garden at Mt. Colah, N.S.W. Because of their vigorous root systems, agapanthus will flourish under large trees, where most other plants could not survive the competition.

Belladonnas also withstand strong root competition, and can be effectively naturalised in drifts under trees or in clumps toward the foreground or shrubbery, provided at least half-sunlight reaches them to mature the bulbs.

Eucomis or *pineapple lily*. This unusual bulb is becoming a popular cut flower, as the spikes remain attractive for many weeks. The small, greenish, star-shaped flowers are packed in a tight column, 12 to 18in. long, crowned by a small rosette of bright green foliage. *Eucomis* makes an attractive pot-plant as the base foliage of most varieties is also ornamental. *E. punctata* has attractive, purple-spotted, blade-like foliage with waved edges.

It makes a fleshy, bulbous root which needs to be planted in good soil, about 2in. below the surface. Plant during the dormant period, May to late July.

In very cold districts, roots should be lifted and stored during winter.

Hippeastrums come from sub-tropical America, so logically require winter protection in cold climates. Here they are best grown in containers so that they can conveniently be hardened off by restricting water during autumn, then when dormant moved to a protected position.

In mild climates it is not unusual to hear complaints about hippeastrums which refuse to flower — usually when continuous warmth and moisture keep the plants in growth during winter.

At the same time, hippeastrums should not be allowed to dry out completely. Once the fleshy roots shrivel, the bulb takes a long time to recover. Plant in good, open soil, such as one part medium garden loam, one of sand, and one of well-rotted compost. They are gross feeders, and will benefit from regular applications of complete liquid manure during late spring and summer.

Planting time is from May to September, when bulbs are dormant. Set them with necks above the soil, as deep planting can prevent flowering.

Hippeastrums display most of their

blossoms during November and December, with occasional spikes in March.

Nerines. *Nerines* or spider lilies are closely related to belladonnas, with similar growth patterns. Foliage dies down in early summer, and flower spikes appear from the leafless bulbs.

Nerines need to be planted with at least half the bulb above the soil. A hot, dry summer helps to mature the bulbs and improves flowering. Crowded clumps give best results.

Most species are planted when dormant between December and March. The exception is *N. bowdenii*, which is dormant during the winter months.

Lycoris closely resemble nerines. Coming from China and Japan, they are known as Japanese spider lilies. Their dormant period is December to March.

They require similar conditions to nerines, and are hardy in all but the coldest districts.

Sprekelia or *Jacobean lily* is a graceful amaryllis with narrow, velvety, deep red petals held in orchid-like formation.

They have growing habits like hippeastrums, but are more tolerant of poor soil.

Tritomas are also known as kniphofias, and commonly as torch lilies or red-hot pokers. They are hardy and free-flowering in almost any soil where they receive at least half-sunlight. Plant during the winter dormant period, setting the crowns just below the surface.

Many hybrid tritomas are now available, ranging in color from lemon to deep red. The old popular species *K. uvaria* flowers November to February.

Vallota or *Scarborough lily*. Undoubtedly the brightest of all the summer flowering bulbs, with heads of short, open scarlet trumpets on 12in. stems.

Their main requirement seems to be a warm, sunny position with good drainage, and they flower best under fairly dry conditions. Therefore, they also make good pot specimens, withstanding the periods of dryness which frequently befall most container-grown plants.

Vallotas are planted during the winter dormant period. Winter protection is only necessary in our coldest districts.



• *Nerines*, or spider lilies (left), do best when left to spread into crowded clumps. As with belladonna lilies, they carry their blooms on stems which emerge from leafless bulbs. *Nerine* bulbs mature best in a hot, dry summer, and produce their best flowers in these conditions.



• Tall and soldierly, these bright garden favorites are *tritomas* — also known as *kniphofias*, *torch lilies*, or the familiar *red-hot pokers*. They are hardy and free-flowering, even in half-sunlight, and bloom from November to February, although some of the newer varieties flower in winter and spring.

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Genteel and gracious, they lived
a life of their own, but somehow
showed others the value of dreams.

THE COUPLE ACROSS THE STREET

BY ROBERT A. KNOWLTON

IT'S too late now to tell the Ballingers how much we appreciate all they did for us. Even if we met them again tomorrow, I doubt whether Connie or I would be cruel enough to say, "Thank you." But the day when our long-cherished dreams finally come true, when we actually stand in Westminster Abbey or look out over Paris from the Eiffel Tower, we'll be thinking of the Ballingers with gratitude and friendship. Wherever they are, I hope somehow they realise this.

They were an odd couple to turn up in our casual suburb, but perhaps they would have been out of place anywhere. Formal manners and graciousness have become almost as obsolete as the strangely elaborate clothes they wore. "They're like models for one of those luxury-cruise advertisements," Connie said once, and I knew what she meant.

It was easy to picture Tom and Yvonne Ballinger in the pages of a travel folder, smiling pleasantly at Stonehenge and the Colosseum—all the ancient landmarks of Europe that Connie and I hoped so much to visit when our boys were grown.

As neighbors, though, they were hard to picture at the last-minute get-togethers and backyard barbecues that characterise any town like ours. Neither pompous nor elderly themselves, they still seemed like ghosts from an earlier, more genteel, age.

And ghosts are what they've become—shadowy

and insubstantial, even in my own memory. Yet I recall with perfect clarity the damp, chilly morning early last spring when they moved into the old Wylie house across the street. Connie had followed me out to the porch, hoping to persuade me to wear a cap; and as I protested this unnecessary coddling, I saw that her attention had strayed.

"Look!" she said. "A moving van at the Wylie place!"

I swung around to see a yellow truck backing into the disused driveway. "Maybe the executors are finally hauling the furniture away," I said. "Five years is a long time to leave a house vacant."

Neither of us mentioned the word "wreckers," though we both must have thought it. The Wylie place is a turn-of-the-century relic, a huge and ornate leftover from the days when suburbs hadn't even been invented.

Now the city has grown and all but enveloped us, chopped the fields into neat little quarter-acre lots, swallowed up the trees, and paved the roads; but across the way the Wylie place still stood empty, surrounded by vast overgrown lawns and a block-long privet hedge. Month in and month out, the "For Sale" sign weathered on the stone gatepost—a constant invitation to the steam shovels and high-rise apartments we both dreaded.

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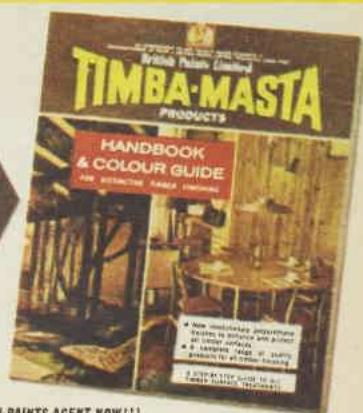


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Page 55

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THE COUPLE ACROSS THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

"If they were taking the furniture *away*," Connie said, "they'd need a dozen vans. This one isn't much bigger than a station wagon."

As we watched, a man in overalls lowered the truck's tailgate; and, to our delight, he started wheeling luggage into the house. There didn't seem to be much of it—a wild assortment of suitcases, and one outmoded television set—but the evidence was clear enough. Somebody was actually planning to live there, to defend the old mansion against the wrecking crew and the developers.

Then our own world caught us up again. A yell from the living-room meant that Michael couldn't find his schoolbooks, and a wheezy clang from the grandfather clock in the hall told me I had two minutes to catch my bus. A quick kiss on Connie's cheek, and I was off and running down the street. "Let me know if there's any news," I called.

I MEANT good news, of course, but I didn't need to specify; Connie never dumped domestic problems on my office. So, when she rang me just before lunch, I was pleased but not surprised at the happiness in her voice. "Their name is Ballinger," she said, "Tom and Yvonne Ballinger, and they're charming. They came over to use our phone, and heavens, the places they've been and the things they've seen, you wouldn't believe!"

"They don't brag about it; they just tell about it in an entertaining way. I'm all shrivelled up with envy. So I hope you don't mind, but I asked them to dinner. Sixty?"

"I'll try to get home early."

"Maybe I can find a few apple logs for the living-room hearth . . . just to take the chill off," she said before hanging up.

The doorbell chimed at six-thirty sharp, just as the logs caught fire. The fragrance of applewood smoke always puts Connie in a festive mood, and I saw with amusement and affection that she had gone all out to make this an occasion. Schoolbooks and baseball gear had disappeared, the polished floor danced with firelight, and our heirloom silver vases were rubbed to a fine lustre and filled with forsythia. She really does like these Ballingers, I thought; do they deserve it?

"Don't keep them waiting," Connie called. "It's wet out."

The first thing I noticed when I opened the door was their intertwined fingers—do you ever see grownups hand-in-hand any more?—and the second was the mud on their shoes. For some reason, they had chosen to walk down their long, rutted driveway rather than use their car.

"Come, sit by the fire," Connie said. "You must be chilled." I reached for Mrs. Ballinger's coat, but her husband was already slipping it off her shoulders and shaking

the mist carefully from the collar.

"Perhaps the dinner jacket was a mistake," Ballinger said; and as they came under the hall light I saw that they were indeed wearing evening clothes—another indication that they were of a bygone time. "Our phone isn't in yet, so we couldn't check with you." His voice seemed much too youthful for his greying hair and hollow cheeks.

"You were so thoughtful to invite us," Mrs. Ballinger said, all black velvet and sharp collarbones, "and we weren't sure of the local customs. Ordinarily, we always dress for dinner."

She told me this in such a charming French accent that I forgave her the lie immediately. Nobody "always" dresses for dinner except mythical Englishmen in the jungle.

"A wonderful idea," Connie said, "and one we ought to adopt."

"Especially for a celebration like this," I added. "We're awfully glad you decided to move here. Let's drink to it."

They sat on the end of the sofa by the hearth, and took the sherry I handed them; but before sipping his, Ballinger said, "Nothing's really definite, you know, and we haven't yet sent for our household effects. I wouldn't want you to toast a false assumption."

"Then you aren't buying the Wylie place?" I don't know why I felt so startled, except that they looked like the sort of people who'd need seventeen rooms and a butler's pantry.

"It's more of a tentative arrangement," he said with a quick glance at his wife, "until I see how it suits Yvonne. Though I must admit," he added, lifting his glass to Connie, "the neighbors are delightful."

"Our good luck again," Mrs. Ballinger said. "Tom has to stay close to Wall Street, and the pace of city living terrifies me. But I knew he'd find the solution. He always does."

"When you add it all up," Ballinger said, "the Wylie place has its points. Quiet and countrified, yet handy for commuting."

"Like the Bois de Boulogne," she murmured.

"Would that it were!" Ballinger slipped his hand over hers again. He seemed very much in love with this tall, appropriately dressed woman whose face and neck were as gaunt as his, but there was more to his solicitude than that. I got the feeling he was protecting her—though from what I had no idea. "Yvonne's been wonderful about adapting her life to my business," he went on, "but now let's talk about you people. Your wife tells me you're planning a trip to Europe."

"Eventually," I laughed. "Certainly not right now. It's something we've talked about for years, but other expenses always get in the way."

"You mustn't postpone it too long," Ballinger said. "Europe should be enjoyed while you're still young."

I shrugged. "When the last dentist's bill is paid, and the last tuition fee and . . ."

"You have children, then?"

Mrs. Ballinger sat up straight, her eyes bright. "May I see their pictures?"

"One boy is away at college," I said, taking a snapshot from the drawer of the desk, "and another enters next year."

"How handsome they look! Are you all reunited on vacation?"

"Oh, yes. Always."

"What a fortunate family!" Her face was quite beautiful when she smiled. "Our son is at school in France, so meetings are more complicated."

"Yes, of course," Ballinger said hurriedly, "but what I really envy is the experience ahead of you. Imagine seeing Europe for the first time, with unjaded eyes! Where do you think they should start their tour, Yvonne?"

"Paris, of course," she said, and relaxed again, still smiling. "After that—well, it depends on the season."

Clearly, this was her favorite subject; and, once she was well launched, Ballinger seemed to relax, too. The talk during dinner ranged from Norway to Spain, and touched on everything from restaurants to cathedrals. Connie was right: they were charming. They gave us a magnificent guided tour of a continent we had never seen and, except for offering them another slice of beef or refilling their coffee cups, we were happy to listen in silence.

"I'm afraid we talked you to death," Ballinger said ruefully when they finally rose to leave, "but it isn't often we find such sympathetic visitors."

"And we do want your first trip abroad to be a success," his wife added. "Tom's business keeps him so busy I don't know when we'll be sailing again, but our son would love to meet you and introduce you—"

"Plenty of time to discuss that," Ballinger interrupted. "Now we must go home. We've kept you up far too late."

"You'll dine with us, I hope," Mrs. Ballinger said, "as soon as our furniture and silver arrive."

I took her coat from the cupboard; it was badly worn at the collar and cuffs. "Still misty out," I said. "Let me drive you to your door."

"Wouldn't think of it, old man," said Ballinger. His hand on his wife's elbow, he steered her gently toward the porch. "If I might ask a small favor, though—"

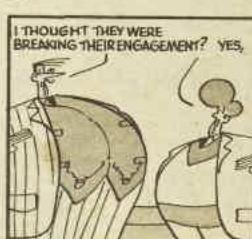
"Just name it," I said. His voice dropped, and I had to step outside to hear him. ". . . haven't had a chance to open a local account yet," he was saying with obvious embarrassment. "so perhaps you could cash a small cheque to tide us over the weekend."

Even then, even the next morning when I saw that the cheque was post-dated till the first of the month, I didn't suspect that their furniture and silver would never arrive. In the weeks that followed, we often met the Ballingers strolling arm in arm toward the

To page 58

By RUDD

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

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THE COUPLE ACROSS THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

shopping centre or the post office. They didn't follow up their dinner invitation, but neither did they lose that old-fashioned courtesy and grace.

Yvonne was always eager for news of the boys, and Tom never failed to remind me that Europe was changing fast, that in a few years much of its antique savor would be lost for good. And we caught other, less formal, glimpses of their daily life.

Once Connie drove Yvonne to the public health clinic for a flu shot — their car was apparently garaged for extensive overhaul — and once, through a gap in the privet

hedge, I saw Tom gathering the wild asters that grew in their ruined lawn. He was making a bouquet for his wife, who clapped her hands in delight.

Then we were swept into a springtime rush of youngsters and their needs, and it wasn't till a Monday in mid-May that I missed the Ballingers. On the bus that morning a fellow commuter, a lawyer who specialised in real estate titles, sat down beside me.

"You and Connie must be happy about the sale of the Wylie place," he said. "At least you won't have an apartment house blocking your

view. Though I don't mind telling you, the town treasurer is pretty upset."

"Why should he be?" I asked.

"Convents are tax-exempt," he said. "The sisters will be moving in any day now, and I think you'll find them very good neighbors. Quiet and considerate."

"Wait a minute," I said. "There was a couple named Ballinger—"

"Oh, yes. Poor old Tom." He smiled sadly. "If ever a man deserved a break! The executors knew he'd keep the place up, and I'll say this for him, he left it neat as a pin. But he couldn't pay rent — not that anyone expected him to — so, of course, they had to go."

"But they travelled in Europe," I protested. "Mrs. Ballinger was a living guide-book."

He nodded. "Tom met her during the war. She was a refugee, and their marriage probably gave her the first permanence she'd ever known. Then they had a son, and the future must have looked even brighter. I don't think she's ever been quite right since that boy died."

"You're not trying to tell me she's crazy?"

"Not really," he said. "Just living a fantasy. A fantasy that she's rich and secure, lives in the finest houses, that she's always about to return in triumph to Europe. Tom plays along — what else can he do? — but I guess it hasn't been easy since his heart attack. He still has the remnants of a brokerage business, but his doctor won't let him go to town more than once or twice a week."

All the way into the city I thought about the Ballingers — about their courtly politeness, their worn finery, the love that showed in every look they gave each other, every touch of their hands. For heaven knows how long they'd been living a dream; but were Connie and I so different? Didn't all dreams turn to fantasy unless they were realised?

From the back of my mind came an old proverb: Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Instead of going to my office, I went first to the bank, then to a travel agency, and by late afternoon I had everything I needed. When Connie met me at the door that evening, I pressed a fat, white envelope into her hand. "A present," I said, "from ourselves to ourselves."

FROM THE BIBLE

• The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, Who is the image of God, should shine unto them.

— II Corinthians 4: 4

She opened the flap, and for a long time she didn't say a word. Then she asked, "All four of us?"

"Look at the dates on the tickets," I said. "They coincide with the boys' vacation."

"Can we afford it?" she asked. "Especially now?"

"What better time?" I said. "The only thing we can't afford is to watch the days slip by till they turn into months, and the months into years. We're still young, we have our health and our children, but if we wait too long for the future, we give up our life in the present. Connie, we can't let ourselves become ghosts!"

"It's hard to believe we're really going," she said softly. "It seems only yesterday that we were talking about Europe with the Ballingers, talking as if it were worlds away."

She looked up, her eyes troubled, and asked, "What did happen to Tom and Yvonne? They disappeared without a word, without even a goodbye."

They were somebody's temporary tenants, of course, somebody's guests, somebody's interim caretakers; but all they dared ask any longer was to be together and in love.

If they could give substance to other people's dreams, couldn't I make a wish for them?

"Maybe we'll run across them again," I said, "somewhere in Europe."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 12, 1967

Buried Talent

The choice between Andy and her art became vital after one year of study

BY MARIE
DE NERVAUD



POLLY DALTON took up the letter she had just written and slowly read it. Her hazel eyes, usually sparkling with a youthful zest for living, were serious and troubled as she pushed back a cascading lock of reddish-brown hair and reached for her pen.

For a moment she held it poised, then abruptly put it back on her desk beside Andy's letter. She went to the window of the combination studio-bedroom apartment that had been her home in Greenwich Village for the past 12 months and gazed out at the dismal back yard, then was back at her desk.

Did she really want to sign that letter? Did she really want to face the fact that Andy was out of her life for good and all?

Turning her back again on the general disorder of canvases and studio paraphernalia, she stared into the yard next door. A slight yellow tinge, coming on the leaves of a scraggly maple tree that had so delighted her last spring, deepened her depression and, at the same time, raised angry rebellion.

Why was Andy doing this to her? What right had he to make ultimatums? Why couldn't he give her another year to find out?

The buzzer from the front door downstairs, two short and one long buzz, pulled Polly from her unhappy thoughts and sent her flying across the room to push the button, then out into the hall with a welcoming "Hi, Jock! Come on up."

"Hi yourself, Beautiful," Jock called back, taking stairs two at a time. "Look? How about crashing the opening of that one-man show on 57th Street?"

"You won't get far on 57th Street with that mess of hair," Polly teased. "And how many times do I have to tell you that I don't crash parties? You'd better settle for a drink here instead."

"I'll do for a starter," Jock followed her into the studio and eased himself into a chair, his long legs stretched out, his eyes, what could be seen of them under a shaggy blond mop, appraising her with mock disapproval. "Why I bother with you, I don't know," he went on. "Puritans aren't usually my line."

"You're getting your geography mixed up. Puritans come from Boston, remember? I'm from California."

"And about to go back?" he raised an eyebrow. "Or are you?"

"I don't know. The family's willing to stake me to another year."

"But not that boy-wonder of the legal profession."

"That's not funny!" Polly snapped, then turned quickly away with the horrified realisation that tears were infuriatingly near the surface.

"Tell me something, Jock." She took a deep breath to steady her voice. "If you were my family, would you stake me to another year?"

"Sure I would. I'd stake you to anything you wanted. Except a wedding ring," he grinned. "I don't go in for wedding rings."

"Stop being an idiot!" Polly ordered. "Who wants your wedding ring? What I want is your honest answer. Would you stake me to another year, even though the verdict of the school on my work isn't too encouraging? And to the family, my canvases are just a mess of paint blobs and meaningless."

"That's their hard luck," Jock disposed of the family with a sweeping gesture. "Where's that drink you mentioned?"

"You'll get it when you've earned it. I'm asking for a real appraisal of my chances of making good if I have another year of art school."

"I hate being pinned down," Jock growled. "How do I know? You're no ball of fire—but you're better than average—oh, boy, that's a break!" He grinned as the buzzer sounded. "Let the guy in, whoever he is. This is getting to be a case of 'two's a crowd, three's company'—we'll all have a drink," he ended cheerfully, as Polly called down the tube.

The next minute Jock was on his feet, grabbing Polly's arm as she reached out a hand to steady herself against the wall, color draining out of her face, while she clicked the catch that released the front door.

"It's Andy," she whispered. "It can't be—but it is. I'm all right, Jock! Stop hanging on to me."

"Okay." Jock stepped back, his eyes agleam with wicked interest as Polly stood waiting for the owner of the quick steps on the stairs to materialise.

"Want me to go down the fire escape," Jock whispered, then shrugged at Polly's withering glance as she went into the hall.

"Andy! I can't believe it's you!" Polly held out both hands, but the stiffness of her arms denied the implied intention. "Jock MacDowell's here," she added. "You know—he's the one who's been so good about helping me."

"Right," Jock interrupted. "And he's the one who knows enough to vamoose while the vamoose's good. Be seeing you, Andy—maybe!" He squeezed past them and ran down the stairs.

"Good guy," Andy dropped Polly's hands. "I gather you got my letter. I was hoping I'd get here first."

"Yes, I got it." Polly walked over to the desk. "And I answered it."

"I know I was a fool to write it." Andy's eyes were miserable. "But after that crazy row we had over the telephone, I had to try and make you see. Of course, I shouldn't have put it the way I did. But, gosh, Polly, you can go on with your art studies after we're married. There are good schools out west."

"My painting means a lot to me," Polly's voice was hard and defiant. "It's my one talent, and you want me to bury it. You don't like it—you don't understand it."

"I figure you've got some other talents it would be a pity to bury," Andy interrupted. "How about a talent for being a wife and mother? Look, honey! I don't expect you to read my legal opinions. Why do I have to understand your kind of painting? It's OK if you like it. But it makes me nervous."

The ring of the telephone interrupted him. "Gosh, do you have to answer that now! Let it ring, Polly."

But Polly was already at the phone, listening with a curious, frozen look to Jock's voice, teasing, tender, but more deadly in earnest than she'd ever heard it.

"Listen, kid! Here's your honest answer. You've got a flair for what we're calling art these days, but that's all. You wanted it straight, but I didn't have the courage to give it to you. My advice is, marry that guy—he's your kind—I like him. So long. Be seeing you—perhaps?"

With a stunned look and tears in her eyes, Polly put down the receiver.

"Who was it?" Andy demanded. "Anything wrong? Polly, you look—honey, can't you just tell me you love me before I go back?"

"Go back?"

"I must be in court tomorrow at ten. The boss threw a fit when I told him I had to go away. Polly! Who was that on the phone?"

"Jock," Polly whispered.

Andy stiffened. "Is he the reason you don't want to come back?"

"Heavens, no!" Polly didn't even try to stop the tears. "No! Oh, Andy, I've never loved anyone the way I love you! But if you hate what I love most to do, if it makes you nervous . . ."

"Maybe I'll get over it! I will get over it!" Andy vowed.

Polly gave a shaky laugh. "I doubt it," she murmured, but that was as far as she could get with Andy's arms holding her so close.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

The tale of a faithful old truck

"I told you she'd get us there, didn't I, Al?"

By ALLIE BONSER

You'd always get there in Old Blood, provided you weren't in a hurry. Old Blood suffered every mechanical breakdown known to motoring, an old bitser on wheels, wheezing and chugging on many a merry adventure with its happy-go-lucky country owners.

OLD BLOOD was our first second-hand vehicle. She was originally a black, 1929-model, 30cwt., six-cylinder Chevrolet truck.

When Keith, my husband, jubilantly acquired her in 1946 from a tradesman whose bank account presumably had expanded enough to invest in a new truck, she was a dilapidated old thing. She had a Bedford cabin, radiator, and bonnet, a Chevy engine and chassis, a Ford carburettor, no hand-brake, foot-brakes that were temperamental when needed, and doors conspicuous by their absence.

At first sight I christened her "Old Blood," and painted her name in bold white paint across the top of the windscreen.

We were living in the Red Hill pine forest area near Tumut, and thought it heavenly to have our own transport instead of relying on log-trucks

or on distant neighbours to that familiar chug-chug take us to town or bring out supplies. Also, Keith was keenly interested in starting his own apiary, and could now travel through the bush, felling trees that housed bush bees.

Every Saturday or Sunday afternoon he went on such an errand, while I remained home with our baby son, Keith, just, who was ten months old.

This is what would invariably happen . . . By nightfall, not a sign of husband or truck would be seen. I would sit up, awaiting his return, and to keep myself from falling off to sleep would try to figure out whether it was the carbie again, or another petrol blockage — or maybe this time one of those old threadbare tyres had blown out.

With that thought I'd keep my fingers crossed, hoping he hadn't forgotten to take the spare, which wasn't much of an improvement, but should at least get him home.

As the lonely night grew darker, my imagination did likewise, but all I could do was to sit in the mellow light of the hurricane lamp and wait.

About midnight, through the racket made by frogs, crickets, and other nocturnal creatures, I'd hear the old, familiar chug-chug of Old Blood's engine, and the hissing of the overheated radiator, as she crawled down the slope toward our tent, pulling up abruptly with a few creaks, groans, and hisses.

A weary husband would drag himself out from behind the wheel, slap the bonnet affectionately, and mutter, "Flamin' points this time, Al, but we got back, didn't we, Old Blood?"

On every trip, something went amiss. In the short time we owned

her, she had every conceivable complaint — blow-outs, petrol blockages, short-circuiting of the wiring, carburettor and points trouble, split rims, punctures galore, burst clutch plates, and a cracked cylinder head.

After each breakdown, another new part (if a second-hand part couldn't be obtained) would be fitted, accompanied by abuse and threats to trade her in for a better job. But, as usual, away she'd go again like a champion, making one feel a miserable wretch for calling her names.

Three years later when our second son, Larry, was born, he required specialised treatment.

At this time we were living in a tin hut on a property outside Galong. Old Blood had done a mighty job moving us lock, stock, and barrel from Red Hill.

Now we decided to load Old Blood again with our worldly possessions and head for the South Coast. At Wandandian, south of Nowra, apairy work had been offered to my husband, and a real cottage to live in, with, lo and behold, electricity!

From here I could travel to Wollongong for the physiotherapy Larry urgently needed for his left arm, which was paralysed.

We soon had everything packed, stacked on the truck, and roped securely. At 4 o'clock that July morning, we were ready to depart.

A heavy frost covered everything, and in the brilliant moonlight it resembled a huge glittering white blanket over the countryside.

Watching Keith check the ropes, I was suddenly aware of the colossal load we had on poor Old Blood. On top of the load, precariously, sat two crates, one full of fowls, the other of khaki-campbell ducks.

I felt like a pioneer woman, minus the old bullock wagon and, of course, without wild blacks to contend with.

My husband tried the starter. **Old Blood inched her way** Nothing hap-pened . . . and again, nothing happened.

Looking belligerent, and through clenched teeth, he said, "Wouldn't it?"

Next came a furious display of cranking Old Blood while I held the choke out, ready to shove it in as she kicked over.

She started after only half a dozen swings. I slammed in the choke, and she roared into action.

As Old Blood moved forward she was changed gingerly from first to second gear, then into third.

With each change came a dreadful grating noise from the gearbox, but our driver wasn't

worried, so I presumed he was accustomed to such noises.

It was a glorious morning, the air cold and crystal clear, the moonlight making it unnecessary to switch on Old Blood's lights.

By now the engine was purring like a kitten, Keith giving it a bit of competition by bursting forth with "You Will Remember Vienna."

However, "Vienna" was rather short-lived, because five yards from the entrance of the property a grunt and a cough came from the engine, and Old Blood stopped in her tracks.

After twenty minutes of muttering and going-on under the bonnet, Keith found it to be nothing serious. Only another petrol blockage. Fixing it took but a few minutes.

We finally closed the gate behind us, and tearing along at anything up to 40 miles per hour were soon on the Hume Highway, sailing along happily.

The children and I must have slept for some time, for I was informed that we were nearing Goulburn, and that the "old girl" was making good time.

On entering the main street of Goulburn, pandemonium broke loose. The rooster crowed, the ducks squawked, and the canary whistled piercingly.

The noise was so blatant one would never know there wasn't a muffler on the exhaust of Old Blood. We passed through THAT city as quickly as Old Blood could take us.

At Fitzroy Falls we stopped to stretch our legs and have sandwiches and tea. Before resuming our journey, the usual load-check took place. To our dismay, Keith discovered a rear tyre was on the verge of blowing out. The tube was bulging through.

Keith dragged out a queer-looking contraption and tried to jack-up the wheel. The weight was far too much for it, so we waited the rest of the day for a local mechanic who, we were told,

owned one of those modern hydraulic jacks.

By the time the mechanic came and changed the wheel it was dark and bitterly cold. To our surprise, he offered us a room for the night, which we gratefully accepted.

We waved farewell to our hospitable hosts next morning at seven, and soon began the descent into Kangaroo Valley.

What a magnificent sight lay before us as Old Blood inched her way down, up, and around that sinuous asphalt road.

Through the clearing, one could observe the floor of the valley a thousand feet or more below. I looked in awed wonder, when

something rolling down the road in front of us caught my eye.

I stuck my head out of the improvised window for a better look, and casually remarked to Keith, "There's a couple of nuts and flat things rolling down the road in front of us!"

My words acted like an electric shock. Old Blood came to a dead stop, as if she knew it was a matter of life or death.

Keith gently eased himself from the driver's seat, made a hurried inspection, then yelled, "Don't move, Al — the back wheel on your side is almost off!"

I sat there like a stunned plover, not daring to move or to look out at that yawning chasm about three feet from Old Blood.

Our obsolete jack was hauled out again and used as a prop to take the weight off the wheel.

The three of us were helped out and told to wait on the roadside while Keith walked all the way back to Fitzroy Falls to get the mechanic and his jack again — also the split-pin that hadn't been put in when the wheel was changed before.

My optimism about reaching our destination was beginning to wane, but when the men returned they assured me everything would be OK and that Old Blood would get us there, hail, rain, or shine.

With a wave and a cheery "She'll be right this time, mate," the mechanic left us, probably hoping it was the last time he'd set eyes on that old bomb.

We completed the descent, passed through the beautiful valley, and began the terrific climb up the opposite side.

Old Blood really put her best foot forward, as if to prove to me what she could do. Her radiator boiled fit to burst, but she slowly and painfully left each steep grade behind her, and we were eventually over and down the other side, heading for the Princes Highway.

Without any more mishaps, we approached the bridge over the lovely Shoalhaven River. Nowra was on the other side. We were all tired, grubby, and hungry — and that, I suppose, included the chooks and ducks.

The small township of Tomerong was passed — only five more miles to travel. Three of them flew by, then I felt something warm and wet spray over the lower portion of my legs. I mentioned it to Keith, who glanced accusingly at the baby.

However, pulling up and investigating, it turned out to be oil escaping from a broken pipe.

A mad scrambling in the toolbox produced pliers to clamp the ends of the pipe together as a temporary measure.

With more cranking we moved off once again, the final lap of our journey. What a blessing when that little cottage came into view!

Pulling up gradually beside our new home, my weary husband found enough voice to say, "I told you Old Blood would get us there, didn't I, Al?"

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READER'S STORY

• Forty-three years ago, a young English girl arrived in Australia to join her farmer husband. Times were hard, and life primitive. There was depression and a war — but now, settled in retirement at a coastal resort near Kempsey, N.S.W., she looks back without any regrets that she came to "this land of sunshine." She is content.

By JILL BATTRICK

A 1920s migrant looks back

NEVER shall I forget the day in 1924 when I boarded the ship which was to bring me to Australia to join my husband.

He had left England as an assisted migrant 18 months before, and had been consigned by the government to a farm in northern N.S.W.

Now this term was finished, and we could go where we pleased.

I had been told many things about life in Australia — that jobs were easy to get, black labor was cheap, the streets were more or less paved with gold. In fact, life would be wonderful.

I was terribly excited as we neared Sydney, and at last I could see my husband standing on the wharf.

My first reaction to life in Australia was very different from what I'd expected. Having been born and brought-up in London,

I knew little of country life, and what I found at the farm we had rented appalled me at first.

The house was very primitive, and the furnishings more so. There was no electric light, no running water, no bathroom, and really dreadful sanitary arrangements.

Then I reminded myself that no one had forced me to come here, and I decided to treat it as an adventure with a capital A.

Adventure it certainly was, and I began to realise what the pioneers of this country had had to put up with under more primitive conditions.

Looking back on over 40-odd years of life in Australia, one sees the good times and the bad in perspective, making a pattern in which all weaved their colors.

We were plagued by droughts and floods. My husband was away for four years in the Army, and when he returned we lost all our money in a business deal.

Undeterred, we started again, and this time the future looked better, and we felt that the tide had turned.

The bright spots

I can remember, too, the bright spots. How, when we most needed it, someone repaid an old debt.

How a neighbor was stuck to a newly varnished chair.

The first time I rode a horse, and she jumped the creek. I only found out later that she'd never walk through water.

How I poured boiling jam into cold jars — and the ensuing mess! Hundreds of little things, but bright spots to look back on.

I wonder now, with things so much easier than they were then, why so many migrants want to return home. Do they perhaps live too much in the past, instead of looking to the future?

The things that happened to me out here could never have happened in England, and I can truly say I have never regretted coming to this land of sunshine, nor wished I was back.

Both my children are comfortably settled, and I have my own home.

I am content now to spend the remainder of my life in a charming little seaside spot, with memories good and bad to look back on, a satisfied and happy migrant.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967

COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

• Castleford pottery.

CAN you tell me anything about two pieces of china? The white jug (right) has a pewter hinged lid and has three pictures of a man in stages of intoxication. It has no markings. We know my great-grandmother used it and that would make it at least 120 years old. The other piece of china has a painted scene on it on either side. It originally had a lid and was used as a sugar basin and would be approximately the same

age as the white jug. — W. E. Maxwell, Hamilton, Tasmania.

Both pieces of china are very good examples. The jug, with relief decoration in fine stoneware, is English Staffordshire ware. It was made during the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

The sugar basin appears to be an example of Castleford pottery (Castleford, Yorkshire). It was made about 1815 to 1820.



• Staffordshire jug.

A FRIEND of mine has recently been left a religious jug. Can you help to establish its identity? It has a metal lid and is made of off-white china with a carving of Mary and two children. The metal lid has "James Dixon & Sons 57." Underneath the jug is the date, Nov. 12, 1846.—Mrs. B. Baker, Bullaring, W.A.

Your parian or stoneware jug was made by Charles Meigh, Old Hall Works, Hanley (Staffordshire). The date indicates the introduction of the design and, therefore, the jug was made about 1846 to 1850.

ENCLOSE a picture (not published) of one of two practically identical chairs which I have. Can you tell me anything about them? Each is numbered with Roman numerals cut into the wood underneath the chair. I believe they were bought in Adelaide about 60 years ago. — Miss E. J. Tattersall, Adelaide.

Your finely carved Victorian chair was made about 1875 to 1880.



• Worcester porcelain.

COULD you please identify the mark and age of the cup and saucer (pictured above)? It was bought in England and we were told it was old Worcester, although there is no mark to say so. It is made without a handle and the only mark is on the base of the saucer, a mauve "60." The design is in dark blue and gold, and it is not of the usual fineness associated with Worcester. I also enclose a picture of a plate (not published) originally one of a dessert service. It is hand-painted, with a white rose in the centre and surrounded by pink and blue bands ornamented with gold. On the back, four curly "W's" indented into the plate form a small circle.

I do hope you will be able to give me some information. Your page is always most interesting.— Mrs. W. Maclean Harper, Port Kembla, N.S.W.

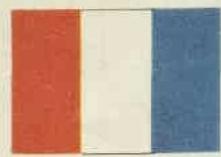
The handless fluted cup with matching saucer is an example of Flight and Barr Worcester porcelain of the period 1792-1807. Your cup and saucer was made about 1795.

The dessert plate was made at the Royal Worcester works and bears a mark used between 1862 and 1875.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967



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From the **KRAFT** International Salad Collection

Page. 63

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I was interested to read lately that in London they've opened a school to teach people how to answer the telephone. With about ten hours' concentrated tuition, office workers are taught how to answer the phone with a minimum of wasted time and a maximum of goodwill.

ACTUALLY, if you think about it, answering the phone efficiently, whether it's in a shop, an office, or a private home, is quite a problem.

I don't like "Yes?" as an answer. It sounds peremptory and impatient. "Hullo," which I use myself, sounds more amiable but it's not, when you come to think of it, either time-saving or particularly helpful.

A lot of people urge that you should answer the phone

by giving your own number. Theoretically, this is a good idea. In practice it has disadvantages in private calls.

If you do it yourself and the clot at the other end has accidentally dialled the wrong number, you're liable to get the receiver crashed down in your ear without a word being spoken, which results in total deafness in one ear for the next five minutes and, if the phone rings again in that time, a tendency to answer with a snarl.

If it's you making the call, and you recognise a relative's

or a friend's voice at the first syllable, it seems a waste of time having to sit there doing nothing while some slow-spoken person goes conscientiously through the seven digits of a number you already know you're on to.

Men, I think, have the easiest way out of this problem. They can pick up the receiver and say "Smith" or "Blank" or "Double-Dash," whatever their name happens to be. But it sounds absurd for a woman just to give her surname, and even more absurd to add a "Miss" or "Mrs." to it.

The only other alternative I've struck recently is the people who answer by saying "the Double-Blank residence." I suppose this makes sense. It does give you the information you want, but it sounds pretentious. I always imagine I must be speaking to the under-footman.

The people I hate most are the ones who dial your number (usually accidentally) and when you answer say, "What number's that?" This is a question that, obstinately, I won't answer. I can't really tell you why, but as quick as a flash and without thinking I always answer them with, "What number are you calling?"

Usually they can't remember, of course, so nobody gets anywhere, and you waste a couple of minutes convincing them that there's nobody called Evangeline here, and that they've got a wrong number—and then, BANG! You get deafened.

If you hold on, and on, and on . . . try a little whistle!

I HAD an embarrassing experience with the phone this morning. I rang one of the big city shops to order a rubbish tin, the garbos having thoughtfully hurled ours on to a bit of stone kerbing, so that the plastic split from stem to stern.

The department I was put through to was the one next to the rubbish tin department, and they promised to fetch somebody. I waited and I waited and I waited, and nobody came. Finally I decided to hang up and dial again.

Again I got on to the next-door-to-the-rubbish-tin department. Again they promised to fetch someone. Hours and hours went by (at least ten minutes, honestly), and nobody came.

There was plenty to listen to — people arguing and ordering and discussing; someone going very crook about what Mr. So-and-so had said yesterday because they were five minutes late getting back from lunch; loud crackles from brown paper spread over the waiting telephone so that parcels could be wrapped for lucky, lucky people who'd been served.

At intervals I said "Hullo!" loudly, hopefully, despairingly. Then I jangled the hook for a time, in the hope that whoever was wrapping up parcels and writing dockets on top of the phone might notice that it was making noises. Nothing happened.

I thought how nice it would be to give a shrill whistle, which would surely draw someone's attention to the fact that the phone was lying there neglected, off its hook. One of my failings in life is that I can't whistle. I can't whistle a tune, and I can't even whistle a dog, unless he happens to have exceptionally sharp hearing and is not more than four feet away from me.

I pursed my lips and blew experimentally. The noise that went into the phone wouldn't have disgraced a jackaroo trying to summon his dog from the other side of a hill two miles away.

Our dog, who has lived with us for about three weeks without ever having heard the suspicion of a whistle from me, immediately rushed to the front door barking at the top of his voice — and the phone was picked up in the next-to-the-rubbish-tin department.

I was so overcome with shame at my shocking bad manners that I was speechless for a moment or two, then I said in the politest tones (surely nobody could connect them with that raucous whistle!), "I wanted to order a rubbish tin."

"I'm sorry, you're on to the wrong department. I'll get someone for you," a man's voice said.

"Oh . . . I've been waiting such a long time already," I said, still in honeyed tones.

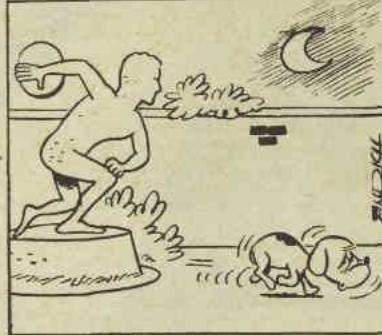
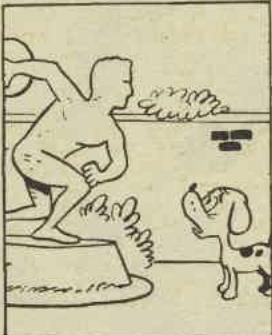
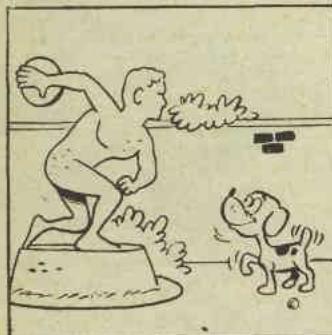
"I won't leave you, I promise I won't leave you," he said with passionate sincerity. He sounded exactly like Dr. Kildare reassuring a panicky patient. There was a moment's silence, and then we both burst out laughing.

He knew darned well that I'd been responsible for that hoodlum's whistle, and I knew darned well that he was the one who'd answered the phone nearly a quarter of an hour before and left me dangling there.

I've tried to whistle since, but the noise I make doesn't even make the dog lift his head. Apparently it's a sound I can only produce under extreme provocation. I only hope that the garbos will be kind to my nice new rubbish tin so that I don't have to go through this again, for a long, long time.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1963

Going to the dogs!



"Up, boy, up."



"He feels you have something in common!"



"Stop being chicken!"

**This little
Australian boy
is speaking to his
grandmother
in England for the
very first time.**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1967



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Learning to be a daughter-in-law

• A young city nurse who married a farmer found that settling down on the family homestead in southern N.S.W. called for more adjustment than she imagined.

I AM now the wife of a farmer, but three years ago I was a city girl, born and bred, and rather unaware of country people.

My nursing experience was to have taken me overseas, but before I achieved this ambition I met, fell in love with, and ten months later married my husband.

He and his father lived together, his two sisters having married previously. So I moved into the family homestead.

My mother-in-law had died a few years before. Unfortunately, I never knew her.

She was a sweet, lovable, kind woman, bestowed with great charm and understanding, admired by all.

My father-in-law didn't

exactly welcome our marriage, having the impression that I had married only to avoid spinsterhood.

He had an inborn dislike and distrust of city folk, and thought nurses next to useless and out to marry doctors.

Our courtship was supervised, on my rare visits to the homestead before the wedding, and we saw each other only sixteen times before our marriage.

After our honeymoon, we three lived together — a most unsuitable arrangement.

My cooking, to start with, was mediocre. Previous experience had been confined to helping at home and doing invalid cookery.

I could grill chops, fry potato chips, and make boiled fruit cake. But, by constantly reading elementary cookery books, in time I learnt to make omelets, scrambled eggs (which we don't much like), and roast mutton!

(We have our own fowls and kill our own sheep, and I still ponder over the problem of cooking briskets — i.e., rib flaps!)

My sewing was nonexistent, as I had never had time nor inclination to learn, and I was also ignorant of farm routines.

If I prepared lunch for 12.30 p.m., the men would appear at 1.30 p.m., and if it was ready at 1.00 p.m., they would be in at 12.30 p.m., which sent me into a flurry of confusion.

Lost gaiety
Added to this, I was habitually a late riser, which disgusted my father-in-law, even though I still managed to muddle through the housework.

I was told constantly what a wonderful husband I had and how many were my shortcomings.

My husband never complained to me, but encouraged and bore with me.

Previously a gay person, I became withdrawn and unhappy. Under the criticism I learned to expect daily, I became convinced I was a failure as a wife and as a person.

My husband was upset at the personality change, and my pregnancy made life difficult for us all.

I came to feel more a housekeeper than wife, silent at meals, and reprimanded by my father-in-law when I moved furniture or ornaments.

At one stage, I ate only when the men had left for work, to avoid more criticism.

Things were not much easier when we had our first baby, a boy, an heir to the farming family.

So my father-in-law wouldn't be awakened at night, the baby slept in our room, and we had little sleep for three months.

I lost weight, wallowed in self-pity, and became tense and nervous, until one morning, after a very early start, I was again tackled by father-in-law.

Previously I had ignored arguments, as we had been brought up to respect all older people and not to argue back.

However, the dam burst in an outpouring of built-up emotions and long-held resentments, until I was mentally exhausted.

My father-in-law was greatly upset by my reaction and, I think, for the first time realized what had been happening.

From then on I was treated with respect, and gradually felt part of the family, not a usurper.

Of course, our tempers being as they were, we still disagreed, often violently, on many points, but overcame these quickly.

Compliments

I no longer did my housework while thinking of what I would say to him; if I ever dared!

His advice was kinder, and occasionally I even received compliments on my cooking and sewing. (With the aid of teach-yourself-to-sew books I now can make most of my clothes and my daughter's.)

Our daughter was born a year ago, and this time we brought our baby home to "our place" — the same house, but two months before her birth my father-in-law had moved into his newly built home.

He comes out most days to eat with us at midday when both men are working.

My husband and I, at last, have precious privacy, and it still feels like a honeymoon.

I can enjoy every wife's privilege — rearranging furniture as she prefers. Old furniture, freshly painted, and old kerosine lamps polished as ornaments now give the family house small touches to make it home.

Of course, there are still a few arguments, but mostly there is a warmth and sympathy between my father-in-law and me.

Asks advice

I bake biscuits for him to take home, and feel proud and happy when he asks my advice on housekeeping and cooking.

He leads a full and active life, is free to come and go as he pleases, and enjoys a social life.

When our last baby was born, we arrived at the hospital in our ancient truck, with my suitcase piled between the fire-fighting equipment on the back, an essential in summer.

I was advised not to tell my mother about this, "as mothers-in-law can be hard on their daughters' husbands!" (I might mention, my whole family adores my husband!)

I hope that when my children marry and make their own homes, my experiences will enable me to avoid mistakes, so we will be welcome visitors, but never intruders.

MEET MONICA EEK



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yet a veteran of the
entertainment world.

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those marvellous Swedish rye crispbreads you can buy in Australia." Ry-King is the world's best-selling crispbread.



Sweden has some beautiful ideas.

RK51.7

For teenagers

THERE'S A TOUCH OF RIBBON IN THE [H]AIR

BIG girls are waking up to an important fashion fact these days — you don't have to play with dolls or carry a schoolbag to wear bows in your hair.

Bows are one of the loveliest things that can happen to hair. All it takes to succeed in the business of tying them is a few cents' worth of ribbon, supported by some sound fashion sense.

• *Most disarming, demurely pretty ... that's the girl who gets all tied up with streamers of satin ribbon.*



• *Making you glad to be a girl is this face-flattering head-liner encrusted with beads. (Flick out one end for extra panache.)*



• *How did a rose get into the picture? Pinned to a tiny bow, this wisp of chiffon adds enchantment to that special evening out.*



• *"Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been ..." This young lady has borrowed your bow to attract attention to a simple hairdo.*

The sound barrier

If only teenagers would exercise a little more thought and care when speaking, they would gain more respect, not to mention opportunities for better jobs. A girl who speaks as well as she looks has a greater chance of gaining advancement in both business and everyday life than a girl who looks smart but speaks terribly. So, how about it, boys and girls? Win Australia the reputation of being a well-spoken country, and make an extra effort to speak as well as you dress.

—J. PHOENIX, Belair, S.A.

Teen rights

IT is time that the voting age was lowered. Since the Act was passed Australia has come a long way, and so have its people. In my opinion 18 would be a more appropriate age to vote, because at this age the normal individual has obtained the necessary physical and moral character to take on adult responsibilities. At 18 a person is permitted to drive a car, leave home without parental permission, fight for his country, and be held responsible for his actions. If he is considered old enough to carry these "burdens," he should be given adult rights, too. — Tom Norris, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Class-conscious

IT seems to be the fashion these days to be in the academic class at school, regardless of future ambitions. Most courses include maths, English, a language, history or geography, and all of them provide the same opportunities for a happy adult life. So why worry about there being more chance of advancement in an academic class? For me an academic course would mean science, which I hate, which I am terrible at, and which would be of no use to me in the future. But in a commercial class I learn business practices which I like, which I am good at, and which will be useful to me later. So to those who think their morale will sag if they do anything but academic studies, I say think again — "Business Girl," Aitkenvale, Qld.

Fallen idol

At one time I was a fan of every second pop singer in the business. I've since woken up to myself, and like only the songs on the hit parades, not the singers. When I saw my No. 1 idol in person for the first time I was disappointed to see how insignificant he was. His songs weren't pre-recorded and his real voice was heard. The stupid thing about it all was that he was making a fortune, and yet he couldn't sing. It's about time teenagers realised that they are being manipulated by people out to make money. — P.M., Coraki, N.S.W.

WHEN I come home from a party Mum always wants to know whom I was with. This is only natural, I suppose. But it's a bit much when she expects me to ask a boy about his father's job and half his family background. It would make the boy feel that he had to be of some special standard to go out with me. I've explained this to Mum, and she has stopped asking all these questions. Other teenagers with the same problem should talk it over with their parents as I did, and then maybe they also will understand. — "Explainer," Boat Harbor, N.S.W.

Hail, bright star

I THINK Johnny Young is fabulous, and twice as much so because he didn't keep his marriage secret — in fact, he said that he was



LETTERS

LIFE'S HEYDAY

■ Although schoolchildren do homework which can stretch into the late hours of the night, they must realise that, instead of the three weeks' annual leave received by working people, they have something like ten to 12 weeks' holiday a year. Surely this extra time, as well as the enjoyable weeks at school after exams, compensates for the nights spent studying. I hate to admit it, but schooldays are the best in our lives. — John Kramer, Cumberland Park, S.A.

proud of his wife. Elvis and a lot of other stars won't admit whether they are married or not. Johnny said that he didn't know if his fans would think more of him or less. I think a lot more of him because of his honesty and feel I can say this for many of his other fans. I wish he would read this, just to know how we feel. — "Young Fan," Camp Hill, Qld.



"This last-minute cramming before a test only confuses me."

Let's talk it over!

Time to decide

MANY teenagers wrongly consider politics boring, and something that need not bother them until they have the vote. However, conscription is an issue which concerns us all, directly or indirectly, and it is important to decide our views now, so that we can argue sensibly for or against. If you have taken trouble to study the arguments, most people — especially adults — will pay more attention to what you say, and in a small way you may be quite influential. My friends and I have thrashed out the problem (we consider the present system very unfair), and we now feel confident to give our views whenever the subject is mentioned. We have even managed to change the opinions of several of our parents' friends! — V. Duncan, Woodend, Vic.

Who'd believe Lorraine used to be tired and listless?

"I just couldn't understand why I'd suddenly lost my energy," said pretty Lorraine Roscoe of Blackburn, Melbourne. "Even my favourite sport, basketball, lost its appeal. Then my doctor advised me to eat ALL-BRAN for breakfast each morning, because it would supply the natural food bulk probably lacking in my diet. Well, ALL-BRAN tasted delicious — and am I glad I tried it, because in a week or so I was right back on form!"

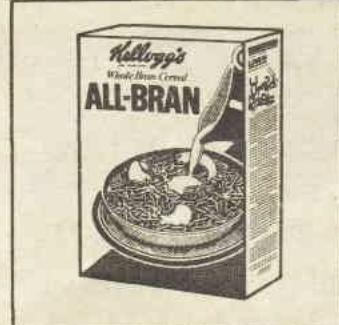
"That was a year ago," went on Lorraine, "but I've kept up my health routine. My husband and I have ALL-BRAN every morning with fruit or another cereal. Why run the risk of irregularity when ALL-BRAN is so easy to serve, tastes so good?"



Lorraine and Kevin Roscoe both work. With a busy day ahead — and often rushed meals — it's really important they make sure their diet includes natural food bulk. That's why they always eat ALL-BRAN.



The young Roscoes have a big circle of friends, and enjoy evenings out together. There's plenty of energy to spare, too, even after a hard-working day. One of the reasons? ALL-BRAN. It's nature's guard against irregularity.



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K465

Louise
HERE'S YOUR



Hunter's
ANSWER

"I HAVE been going with a girl for 11 months. I am 17 and she is 15. We are both very much in love and have discussed marriage often. Our problem is that we live so far apart we do not see each other very often. I would work in her town, only chances of advancement in a job would be small. To add to the problem it seems that I will not be able to see her for at least a year, as her schooling is important, and she does not wish me to write, as my letters distract her. Please advise me, as I couldn't stand not seeing her for a year."

"Willy," Vic.

• If you really care for this girl, your love should stand the test of a year's separation, and it is obviously to her benefit that she finish her schooling without too much distraction. If you are planning marriage, then it is important that you obtain a good job so that you can provide well for her. It is understandable that she cannot write to you too often while she is studying, but surely you could exchange letters once a month just to keep in touch over the year?

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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REALLY
CARE . . ."



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Test for romance

"I LIKE a boy in my form very much, and about three months ago we started going out. Six weeks later his mother refused to let him take me out again. I think it was because of our final exams. We were both quite upset about it, and he suggested that we get together again after the exams. I agreed to that, but I sort of chased him. The exams are over now, but he hasn't said anything about going out, and I am getting desperate, because I have been asked out by a few other boys but have refused for fear the boy I like finds out. Would it be all right if I mentioned the 'after the exams' bit?"

"Desperate," N.S.W.

• Your words "I sort of chased him" make me wonder if this boy used the exams as an escape route from an unwanted attachment. It was easier for him—and less hurtful to you—to say that romance could start again after exams, half hoping that in the meantime you would find someone else. On no account remind him that the exams are over. Accept other boys' invitations. When a boy sees an "ex" having a gay time with other boys, it often rekindles his interest.

Try a little tact

"I AM 16 and have been going out with a boy of 18 for two and a half months. When we first started dating he always came and picked me up first, but now it's a bit different. He picks up his mate before me. I have never complained, but am now getting tired of it. Although we love each other very much and hope to become engaged soon, I don't think he knows how much his behaviour hurts me, and I just don't know what to do. Don't tell me to leave him, because I can't."

"Unhappy," Vic.

• You could tell him that you wish he wouldn't bring his mate everywhere, but remember—boys of 18 are often less romantic than girls of 16. He may be quite surprised that you feel as you do. Handle it tactfully if you wish to keep him. Otherwise he may fear that you're too possessive.

ACT OF SPITE

"I AM an attractive girl of 21, and for three and a half years have been going out with a man 21 years my senior. I thought once that I loved him, but lately I have met more boys and now I do not think I love him any more. I would give him up, but there is another woman—his old love, whom I hate—chasing him, and I feel like holding on just to spite her. I think he still feels something toward her, because when she's about he hardly sees me. Do you think if I married him things would work out, or should I tell him the truth now (he thinks I am madly in love with him) and enjoy my young men friends?"

"Doubtful," Qld.

• Of course things wouldn't work out—and that you should even contemplate marrying him shocks me, especially since spite is mixed in with your motives. Tell him the truth.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

3598.—Semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress with shallow neckline. Sleeveless version with narrow self-collar also in pattern. Sizes: Young Junr., 30, 31, 33in. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.



3598

4095.—Semi-fitted dress with scoop or bateau neckline. Pattern also provides sleeve variations, an A-line hipster skirt, and straight hipster pants with turn-up cuffs. The dress has been designed for knit fabric. Sizes: Young Junr., 30, 31, 33in. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3867.—Ankle length, bell-bottomed hipster pants with carriers for shaped self-belt. Hipster skirt also included. Tab front blouse with roll-up sleeves, self-collar. Sleeveless blouse also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4095



3867

4103.—Semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress with slightly scooped neckline, short sleeves. Semi-fitted cutaway jacket included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4103

3621.—Two-piece dress cut in large-size range. Short sleeves, fake welt pockets, and contrast collar and cuffs also in pattern. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

3621

3967.—Sleeveless, semi-fitted dress with cutaway neckline. Pattern also has a lined-to-edge coat with bracelet-length sleeves and side vents. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

3967

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

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(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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SIZE

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

TRANS-OCEAN planes fly again. Mandrake and his friends decide that the pirate plane was launched from mid-ocean. The mystery deepens — then Narda remembers Mr. Marks. READ ON:

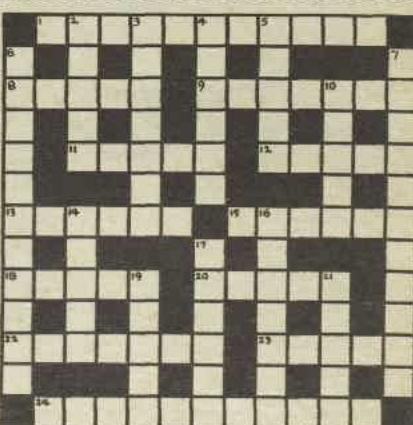


CONTINUED

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- They are like girls (4, 7).
- Strong winds (5).
- Went swiftly with a large bag to plunder (7).
- Indian ladies' mantles or robes (5).
- Kind of poplar with tremulous leaves (5).
- We occupy the centre of precious stones (6).
- An emphatic neutral pronoun ending in a small fairy (6).
- The highest happiness (5).
- Sisters of father or mother (5).
- Canadian province in a root (7).
- Judgment of a tribunal could be rare before tea (5).
- Give heraldic devices to a brass hat (7, 4).
- Home of the eisteddfod (5).
- One of the openings of the face (7).
- Violent, hurried entry (6).
- Fungus disease of the skin in tea (5).
- Expression of a satisfactory turn of affairs (1, 4, 3, 3).
- By this a man may narrowly escape (4, 2, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Somewhat bulky in form, made of maple (5).
- The carpus in which a sir turns (5).
- A tartan (angr., 7).
- Small, furry, ringtailed American carnivore (6).
- If you are out of them you are not well (5).
- The thin part of blood used for inoculation (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Simply serve with Sao

Sao biscuits make foods taste twice as good, more satisfying and more appetising. At meal times or between-times throughout the day, Sao biscuits make all the difference. There is nothing like a buttered Sao.

Sao biscuits make all the difference



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